

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

QUALITY
COMICS
GROUP

JULY
NO. 20

10¢

SPECIAL!
BLACKHAWK
VERSUS
"THE BLONDE
BOMBER"!

EXTRA!
**DEATH
PATROL
IS BACK
AGAIN!**

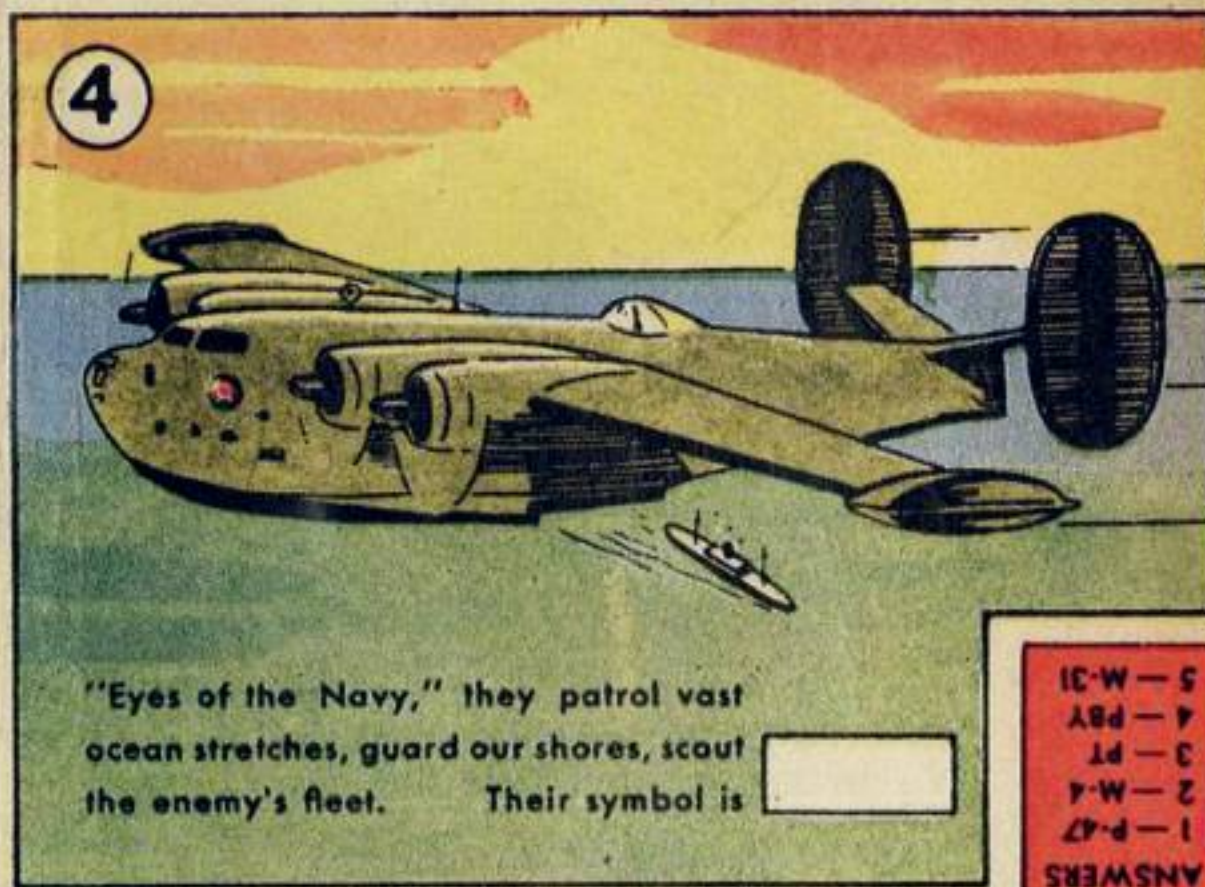
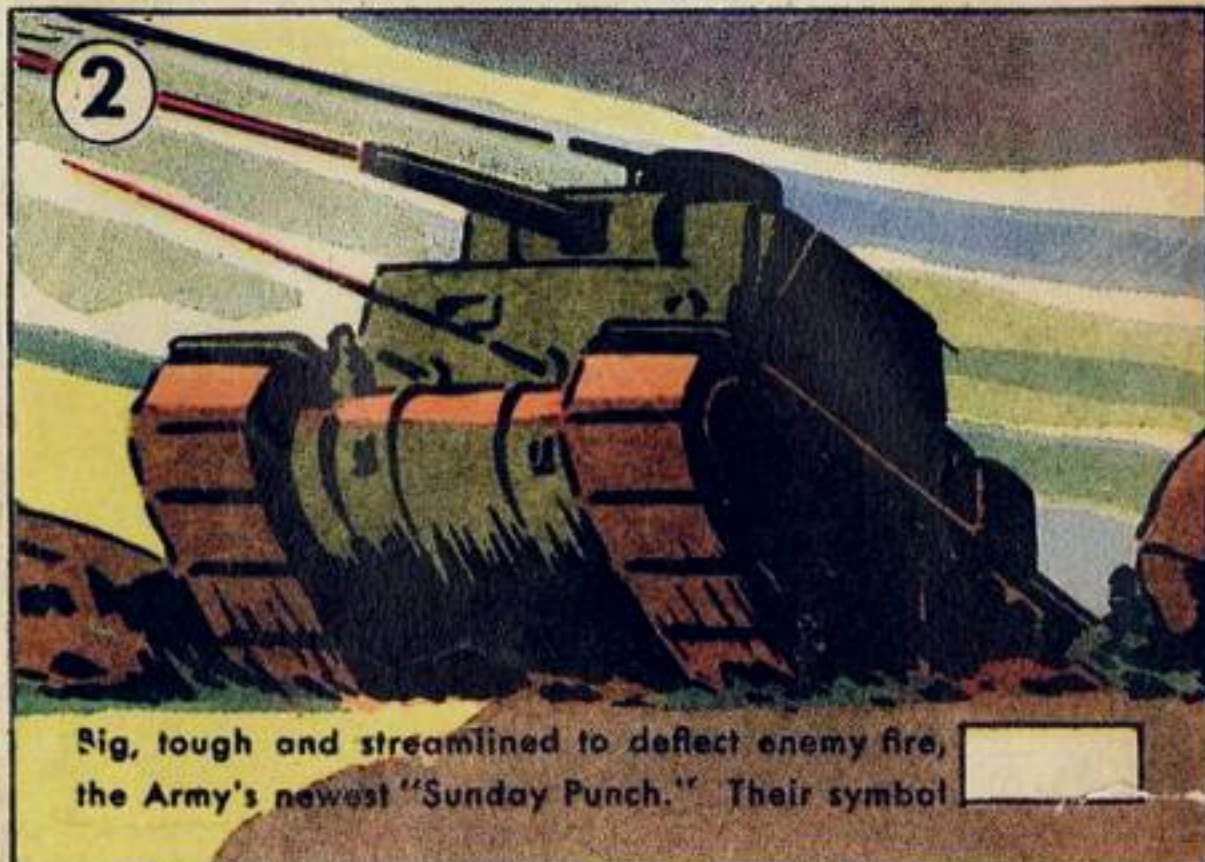




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



ANSWERS
1—P-47
2—M-4
3—PT
4—PBY
5—M-31



MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).

The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

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ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

OUT OF THE
CLEAR BLUE
SKIES OVER
BLACKHAWK
ISLAND
SOARS A BLONDE
BOMBER WITH
A SUNDAY PUNCH,
A STREAMLINED
FUSELAGE AND
A SPEED OF
500 PER!
-- SHE'S THE
LATEST THING
IN THE AIR!
DON'T MISS HER!

BLACKHAWK

IN THEIR LONELY ISLAND STRONGHOLD SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, THE BLACKHAWKS ARE CAUTIOUSLY PLANNING THEIR NEXT ASSIGNMENT ...



MEN, I'VE JUST GOT WORD THAT **DUGERE**, THE PRO-ALLY FRENCH GENERAL, HAS BEEN ARRESTED BY THE NAZIS IN FRANCE AND HE'S TO BE SHOT AT SUNRISE TOMORROW!

DUGERE!!
WHY, HE ...

RIGHT! DUGERE HAS BEEN COOPERATING WITH THE ALLIES, SUPPLYING US WITH VALUABLE INFORMATION ABOUT NAZI ACTIVITIES IN FRANCE, AND MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL TO OUR CAUSE IN NUMEROUS WAYS!

EXACTLY! IT'S UP TO US TO RESCUE DUGERE! IT'LL BE A DIFFICULT TASK AND A DANGEROUS ONE! HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON OURS! HOW ABOUT IT, BLACKHAWKS? ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK?

VOT ARE VE WAITING FOR?

LET'S SHOVE OFF NOW!



NOT ONLY DOT -- BUT HE'S VERY POPULAR WIT' THE FRENCH PEOPLES! IF HE DIES, IT'LL BE A MOST DEVASTATING BLOW TO THE MORALE OF FIGHTING FRANCE!



JUST THEN...

LISTEN!

A PLANE! --COMING THIS WAY!



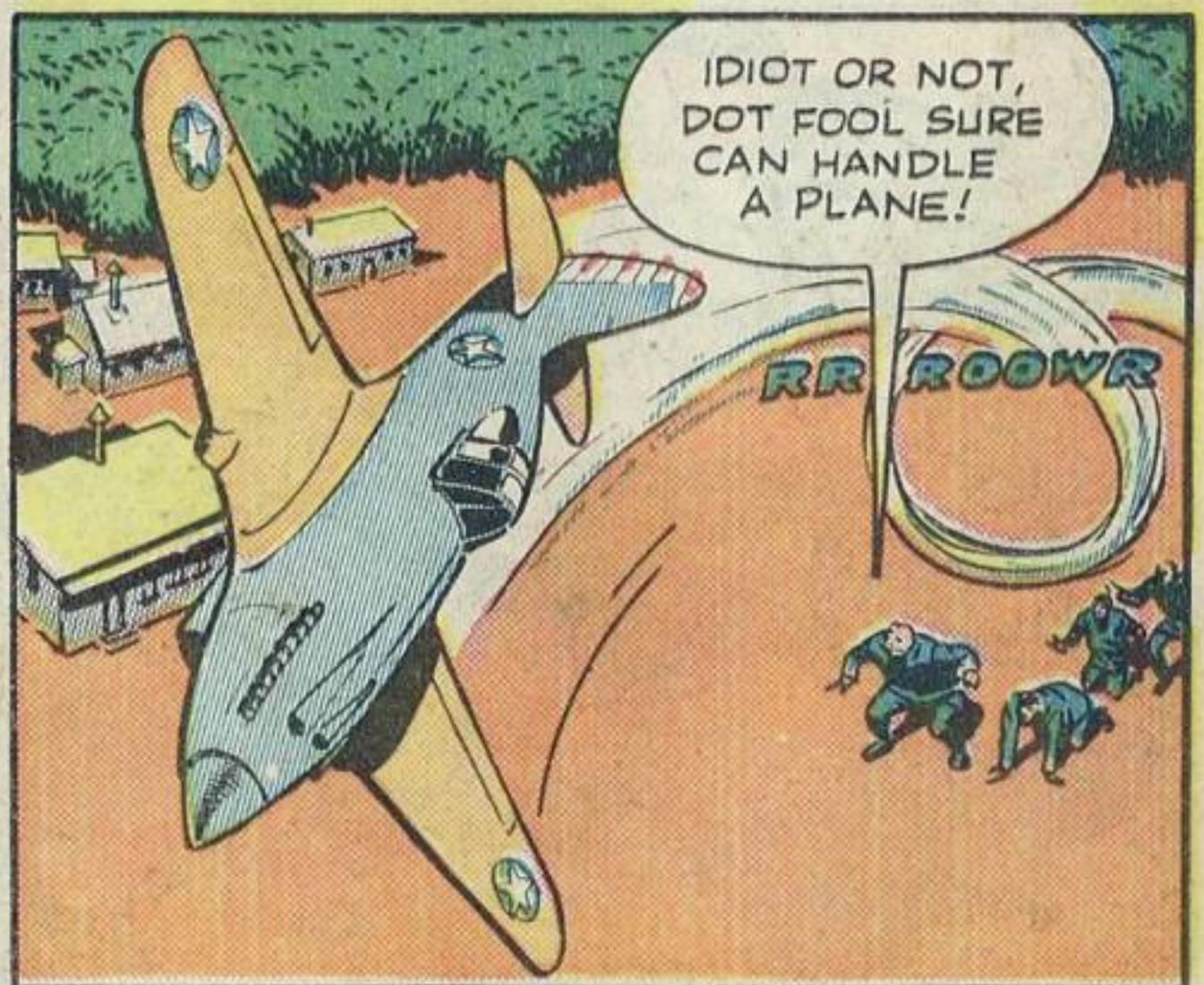
TO YOUR STATIONS, MEN! IT MAY BE A NAZI RAIDER!



NON! VOICI! ..
IS IT NOT AN AMERICAN PLANE, M'SIEU?

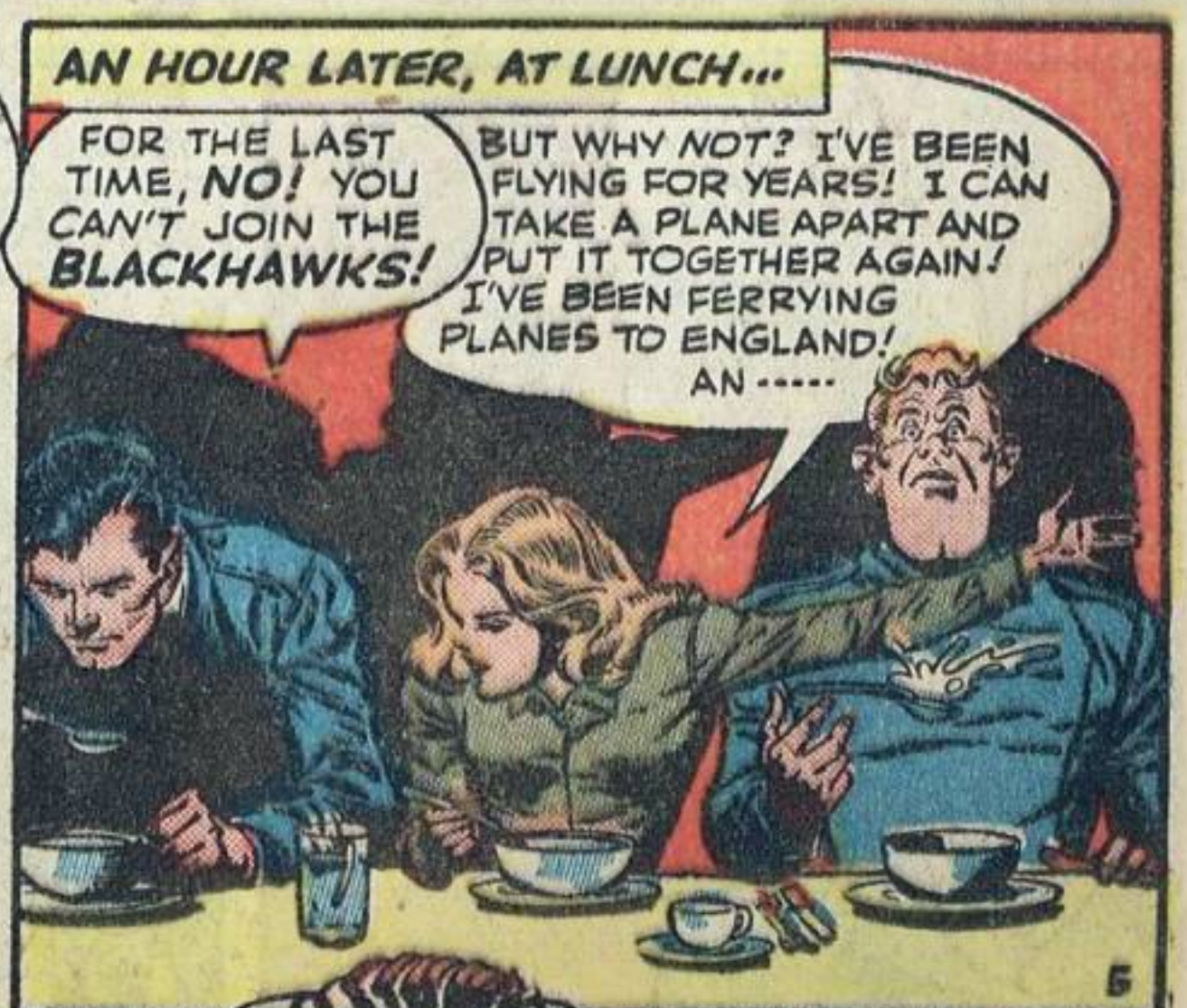
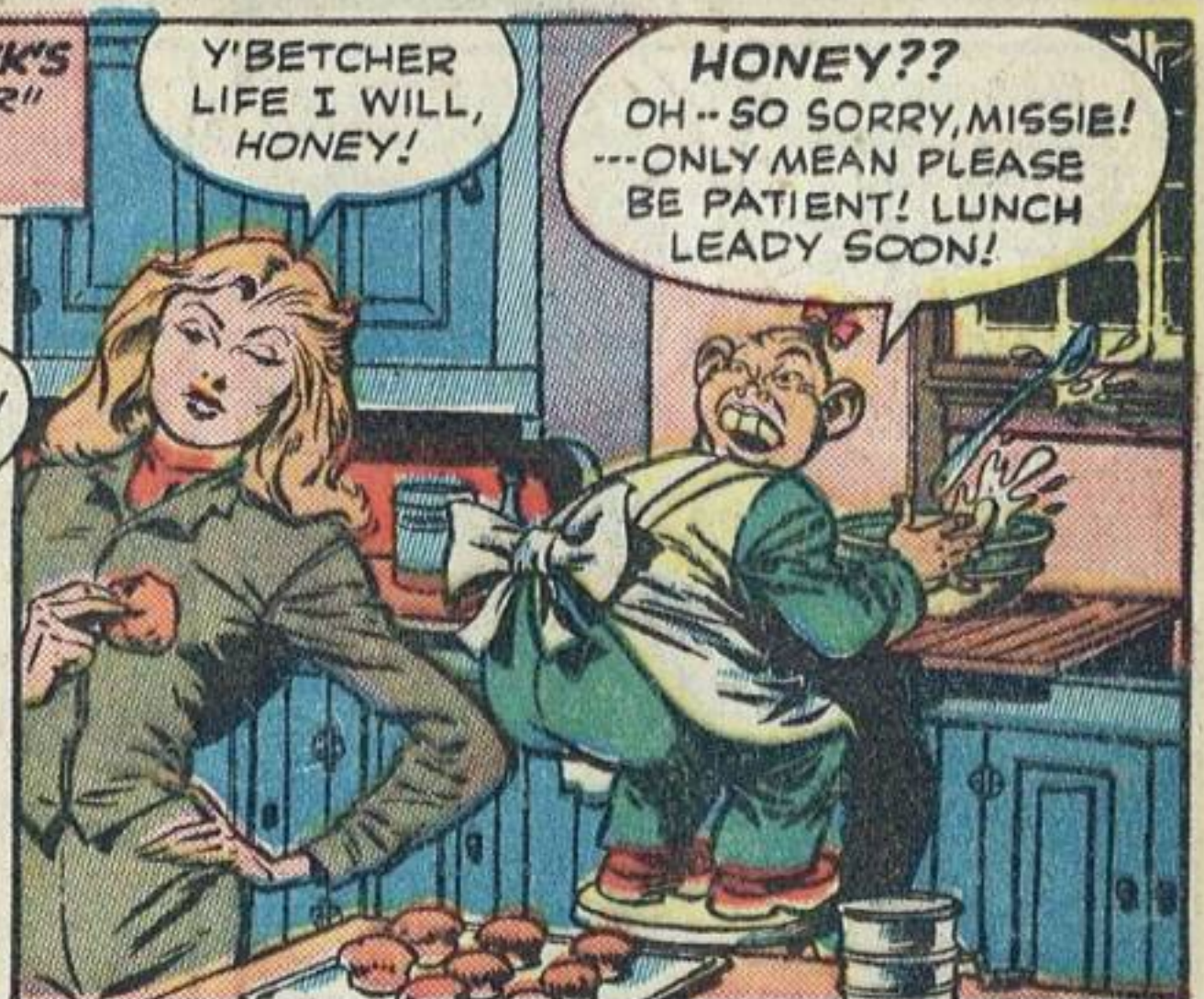
IT IS! BUT THE CRAZY FOOL'S DIVING RIGHT INTO OUR FIELD!





THE PLANE COMES TO A HALT...







PREPARATIONS COMPLETED, THE **BLACKHAWKS** TAKE TO THE AIR, ADDING TO THEIR RANKS THE COURAGEOUS AMERICAN GIRL!



An Hour or so Later...

THIS IS IT, GANG! PREPARE FOR LANDING! THE FRENCH PEASANTS WILL HIDE OUR PLANES THE MOMENT WE COME IN!



THE **BLACKHAWKS** COME TO REST IN A CLEARED WHEAT FIELD...

IT'S THE **BLACKHAWKS**! THEY'VE NOT FAILED US AND WE MUST NOT FAIL THEM!



ALMOST BEFORE THE **BLACKHAWKS** CAN LEAVE THEIR CHARGES, THE PLANES ARE BEING HIDDEN BENEATH HAY STACKS, IN OLD BARNES AND COW SHEDS!

HOLD ON, A MINUTE, ZEKE! LET ME OUTTA THIS COW CHOW!



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! HERE COMES THE LUFTWAFFE! GOOD WORK, MEN!

MERCI, M'SIEU! BUT IT IS WE WHO ARE TO BE THANKFUL!



BUT COME! WE'VE PREPARED GOOD QUARTERS FOR YOU AND YOUR BRAVE MEN! WE FRENCH WILL GUARD YOUR PLANES WITH OUR LIVES!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL COOPERATION!



INSIDE THE SHELTER, THE **BLACKHAWKS** PLAN THEIR NEXT MOVE! ...

KAPITAN VON ULSLER IS THE NAZI OFFICER IN CHARGE OF EXECUTING DUGERE! IT'LL BE THROUGH HIM THAT WE MUST LEARN WHERE THE GENERAL IS BEING HELD CAPTIVE!

THAT'S FOR LITTLE ME!



MON DIEU!
HE'S A
GIRL!

YOU'RE ON THE
BEAM NOW, CHARLIE!
CAN YOU LEAD ME
TO KAPITAN
VON ULSLER?



MAIS, OUI!
BUT NOT LIKE
THAT!

RIGHTO, CHARLIE!
WHAT'S THE
LATEST YOU HAVE
IN PARIS FASHIONS?

I UNDERSTAND
M'MSELLE! MY
DAUGHTER WILL SUPPLY
YOU WITH A SUITABLE
COSTUME! BUT I
WARN YOU -- THE
KAPITAN IS WHAT YOU
CALL "WOLF IN SHEEP'S
UNIFORM"!

AT DUSK, "SUGAR" HEADS INTO
TOWN DISGUISED AS A FRENCH
PEASANT GIRL ---

HMMM -- THERE'S
MORE THAN JUST
FLYING A PLANE
TO BEING A
BLACKHAWK!
OH-OH! ---
GERMAN
SENTRIES!



HALT!
WHO GOES
THERE?

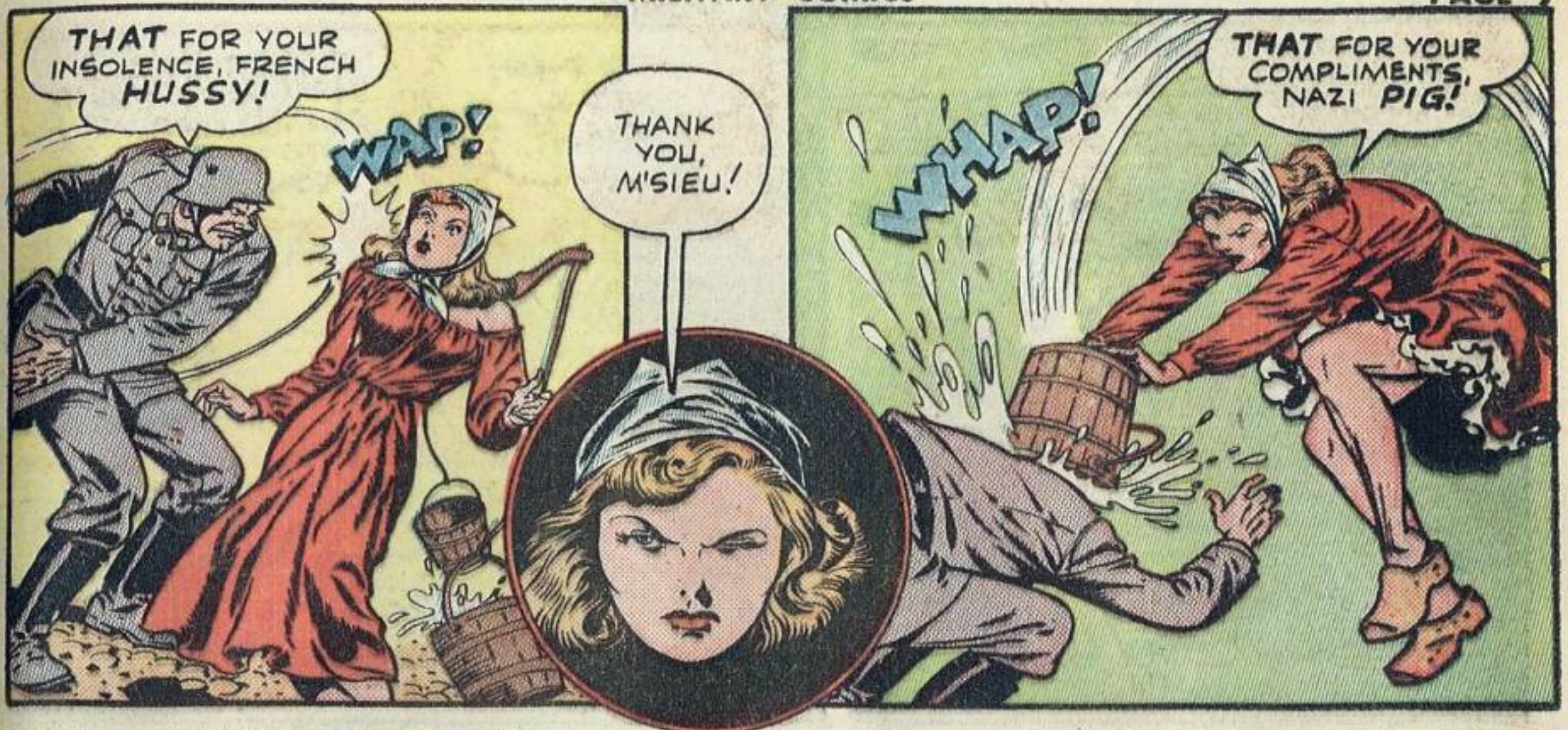
ONLY A
MILK MAID,
KAMERADS!

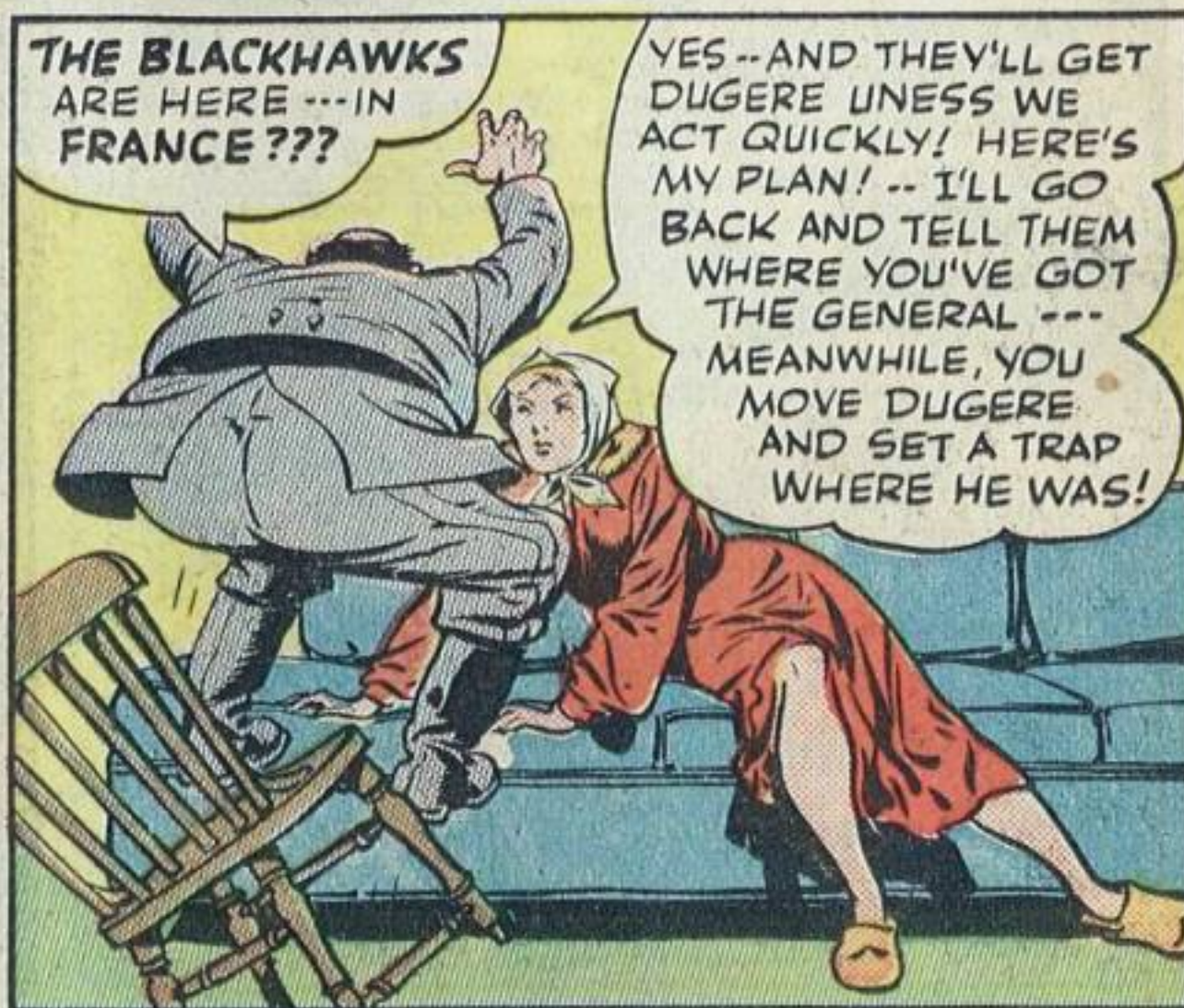


AND WHERE'S
OUR PRETTY MILK-
MAID GOING -- SO
LATE IN THE
EVENING?

TO MARKET,
KIND SIRs --
TO SEE THE
FAT PIGS!







YOU IDIOT! YOU'LL BE SHOT AS WELL AS THE PRISONER IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING MY OFFICE!

BUT --- HERR KAPITAN! \geq HIC \leq YOU TOLD ME TO REPORT!...

SILENCE! YOU DRUNKEN FOOL! DID I NOT FORBID YOU TO TOUCH THOSE WINE CASKS?

I SWEAR I DIDN'T TOUCH \geq HIC \leq A BARREL! I ONLY SIPPED WHAT LEAKED INTO THE CATCH-BASINS!... \geq HIC \leq

GET OUT, YOU IMBECILE! AND ORDER A SPECIAL GUARD PUT AROUND THE BASTILE!

AND NOW, MY DEAR...

BUT I MUST GO, MON BRAVE KAPITAN! TO SEND THE BLACKHAWKS TO YOUR TRAP!

AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY, THE CLEVER GIRL MANAGES TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE NAZI OFFICER --- AND HEADS FOR THE HIDE-OUT OF THE BLACKHAWKS!...

I DID IT! I DONE IT! I DOOD IT!

MOMENTS LATER -- SHE REPORTS TO BLACKHAWK!...

AND SO HE THINKS I'M SENDING YOU INTO A TRAP AT THE JAIL-HOUSE!

SO WHAT? YOU NEVER FOUND OUT WHERE DUGERE IS BEING HELD!

ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A MAN! THE PRISONER'S GUARD IS DRUNK! WHERE'D HE GET DRUNK? ... IN THE WINE CELLAR! WHERE'S THE WINE CELLAR? ... UNDER VON ULSLER'S HEADQUARTERS! WHAT COULD BE SIMPLER?

WELL, I'LL BE ...!

BY GAR! SHE'S RIGHT!



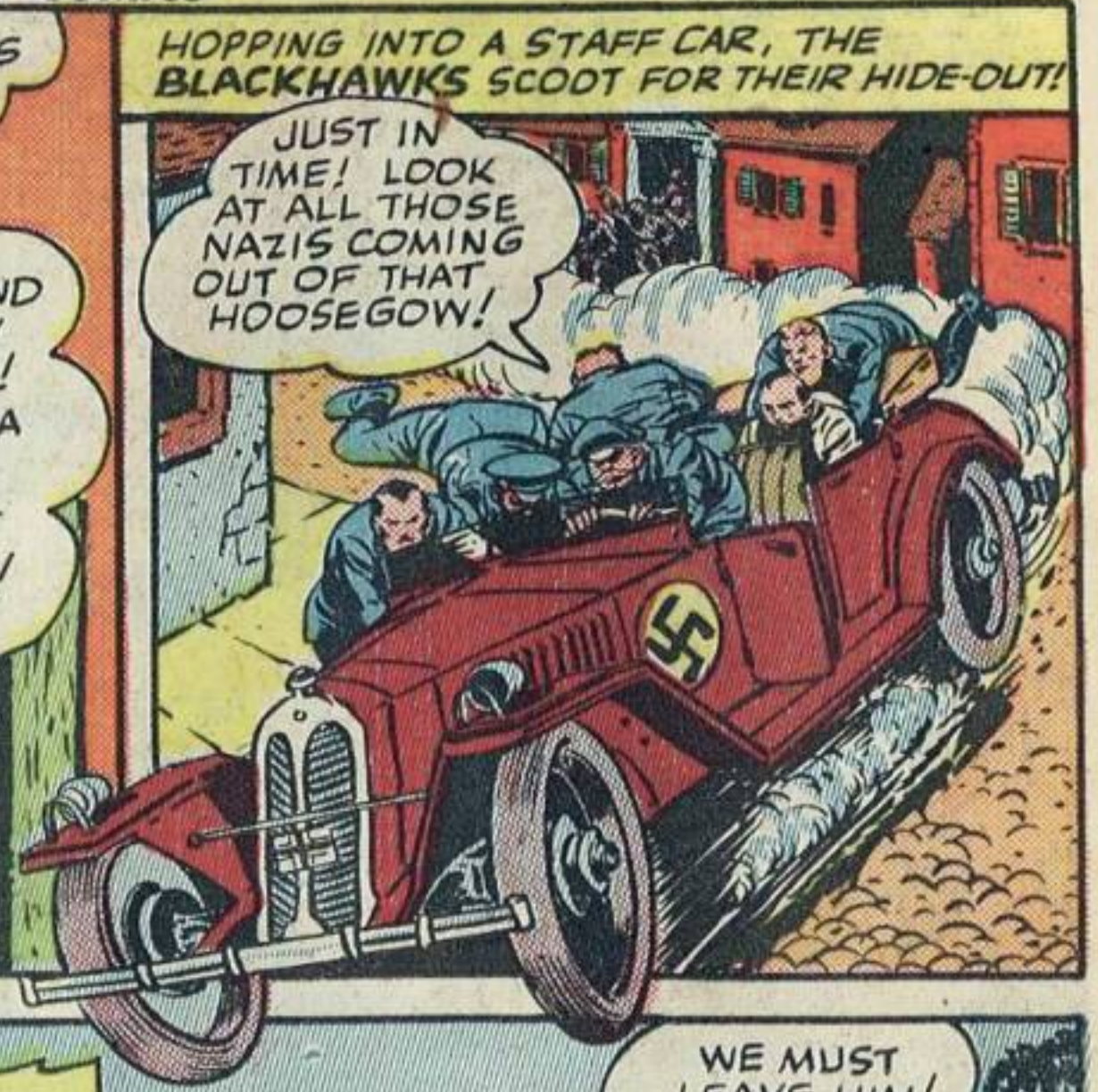


THIS WAY --
QUICK!!!
THAT GUN-SHOT
WILL BRING
MORE
SOLDIERS!



WAIT! -----WHERE'S
BLACKHAWK!

WE
CAN'T
HANG AROUND
HERE ANY
LONGER!
WE GOTTA
GET THE
GENERAL
TO THE
PLANES!



HOPPING INTO A STAFF CAR, THE
BLACKHAWKS SCOOT FOR THEIR HIDE-OUT!

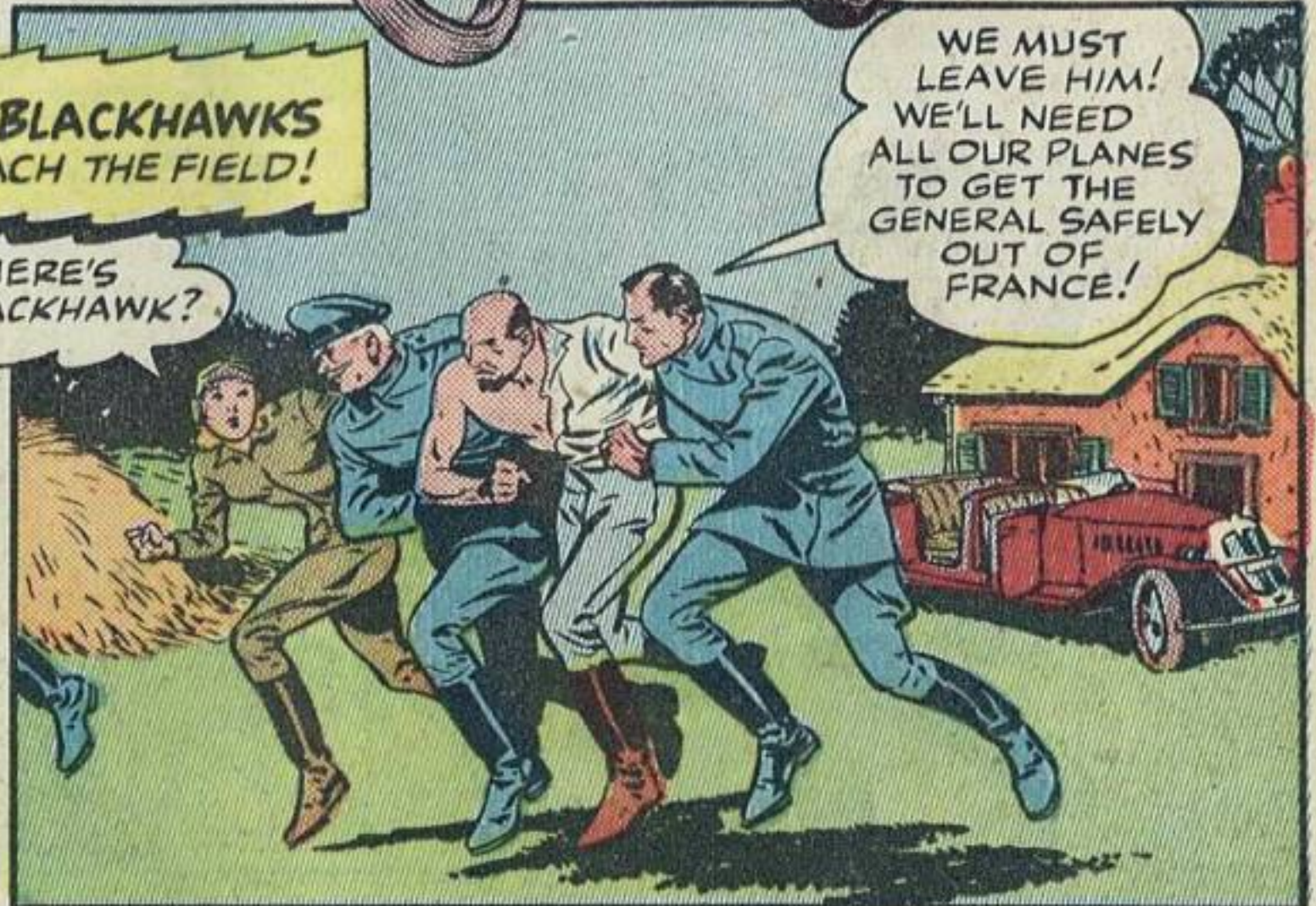
JUST IN
TIME! LOOK
AT ALL THOSE
NAZIS COMING
OUT OF THAT
HOOSEGOW!



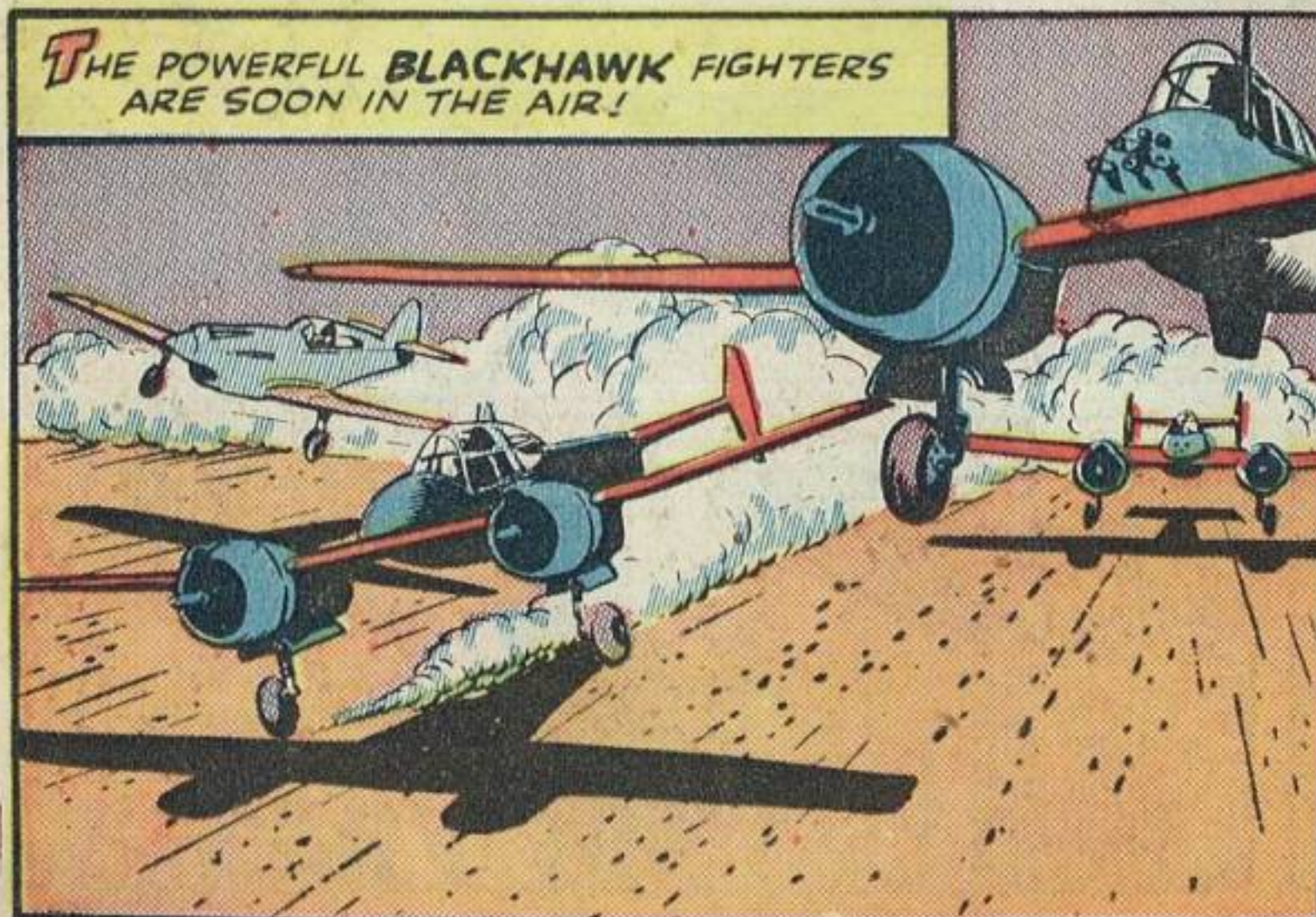
BLACKHAWK
WILL NEVER GET
OUTA THERE
ALIVE!

The **BLACKHAWKS**
REACH THE FIELD!

WHERE'S
BLACKHAWK?



WE MUST
LEAVE HIM!
WE'LL NEED
ALL OUR PLANES
TO GET THE
GENERAL SAFELY
OUT OF
FRANCE!



THE POWERFUL **BLACKHAWK** FIGHTERS
ARE SOON IN THE AIR!



LEAVE BLACKHAWK?
NO! I CAN'T DO IT!
IF BLACKHAWK
DIES, I'LL DIE
WITH HIM!

THE COURAGEOUS GIRL SWINGS OUT OF THE FORMATION AND HEADS BACK FOR THE NAZI STRONGHOLD!



THERE'S ENOUGH FUEL IN THIS PLANE TO BLOW THAT HOUSE TO SMITHEREENS!

THROWING THE "STICK" FORWARD, SUGAR SENDS HER SHIP DOWN IN A DIVE TO ALMOST CERTAIN DESTRUCTION!



JUST AS A BLUE-CLAD FIGURE BREAKS FROM THE BUILDING!



OUR KAPITAN ISS DEAD! GET DOT MAN!

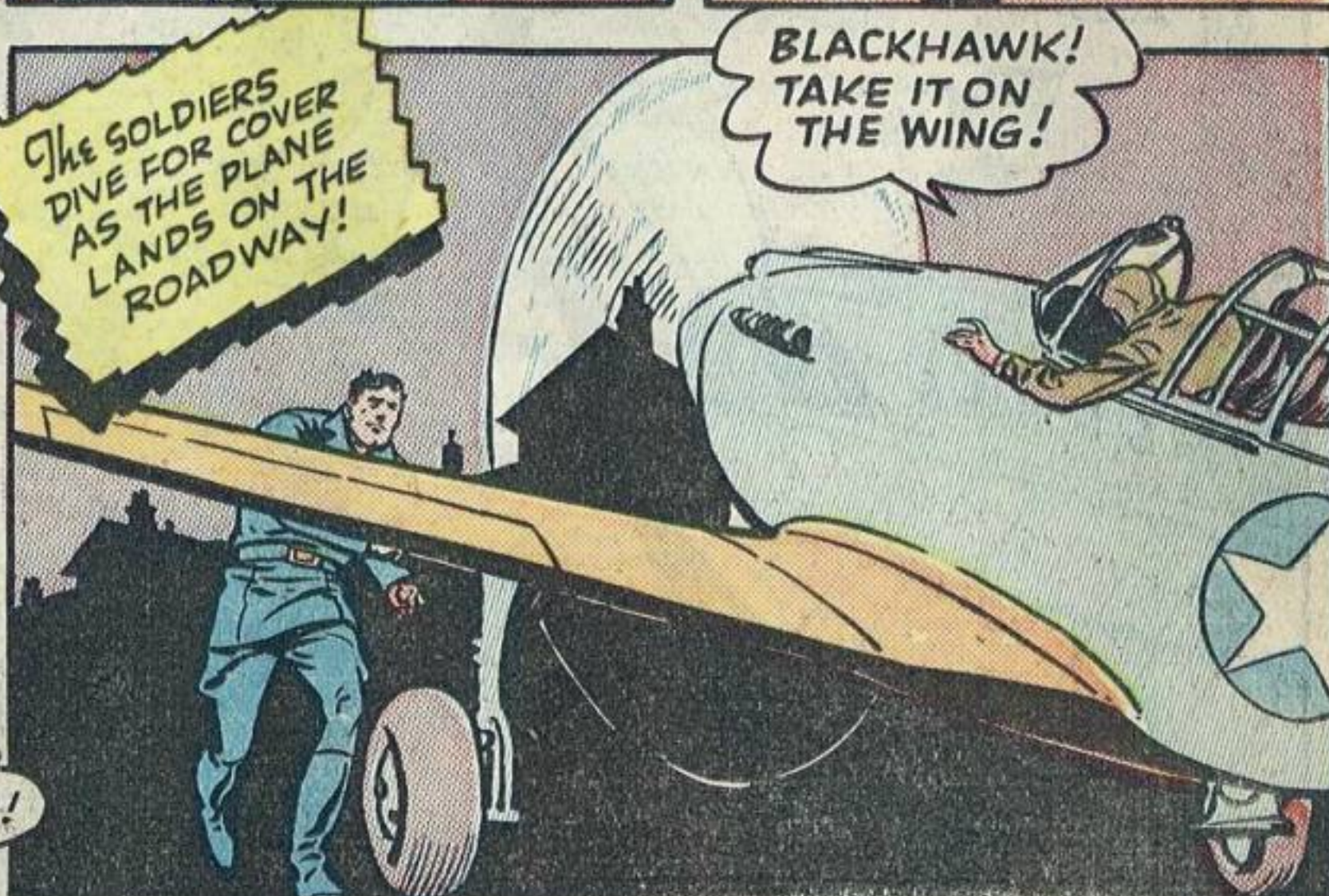
WHY, WHY... IT'S BLACK-HAWK!



LOOK OUDT!

IT'S AN AMERIKAN DIVE-BOMBER!

THE SOLDIERS DIVE FOR COVER AS THE PLANE LANDS ON THE ROADWAY!



BLACKHAWK! TAKE IT ON THE WING!

SUGAR! ... YOU?

IT'S NOT THE 5.15 TO ALBANY!



DID THE BOYS GET THE GENERAL OFF OKAY?

HE'S HALF-WAY TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND BY NOW!



GOOD! ONLY YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE HIM THE REST OF THE WAY TO ENGLAND!

OKAY, BOSS! BUT YOU NEEDN'T THINK YOU'RE GETTING RID OF ME THAT EASY! I'LL BE BACK!



HODRAY! BLACKHAWK WILL BE BACK WITH A THRILLER-DILLER IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!!

THE SNIPER

THE CONQUERORS ARE TOPPLING... THEY ARE FALLING ON THEIR FACES... AND THOSE WHOM THEY OPPRESSED WILL KICK THEIR TEETH IN!

ALMOST AS DIRE AS THE ALLIED SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOWS FROM WITHOUT ARE THE UPRISINGS THAT THREATEN THE NAZI USURPERS OF EUROPE FROM WITHIN!...

BUT, HERR KROTZ, THE SUBJECT PEOPLES ARE GROWING **REBELLIOUS!** THEY SAY THEY WILL **AVENGE THEMSELVES!**

THAT IS BECAUSE THEY HAVE FAITH IN **HOSVIK**, THE GUERRILLA CHIEF! HE MUST BE **OBLITERATED!**





THE RADIO WARNING CARRIES TO THE MOUNTAIN LAIR OF HOSVIK'S GUERRILLA FIGHTERS ...



WHAT WILL YOU DO, SIR?

THAT GERMAN SWINE MEANS BUSINESS, GENERAL!

I LOVE HER DEARER THAN LIFE — BUT I CANNOT YIELD, EVEN TO SAVE HER! SHE MUST DIE, AND WE MUST FIGHT THE HARDER TO AVENGE HER!



WHO'S THAT, APPROACHING OUR CAMP? HALT OR I FIRE!



PUT DOWN YOUR GUN! IT'S OUR FRIEND THE SNIPER!

EXCUSE ME, MY FRIEND, IF I SHOW SO LITTLE HAPPINESS AT YOUR COMING — I HAVE HEARD SAD NEWS!

I HEARD THE SAME NEWS, SIR! — ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER! AND I'M GOING TO GET HER AWAY FROM THOSE NAZI BRUTES!



GET HER AWAY? BUT SHE WOULD BE DOOMED! THEY'D KILL HER IN AN INSTANT IF AN ARMY SHOULD ATTACK ---

I'M NO ARMY, GENERAL HOSVIK! JUST ONE MAN — THE SNIPER!



ONE MAN MAY SLIP THROUGH WHERE AN ARMY WOULD BE DETECTED AND FOUGHT OFF! HERE'S MY PLAN! LISTEN!



WHILE THE SNIPER CONFERS WITH HOSVIK, WE RETURN TO NAZI HEADQUARTERS...



NO WORD FROM THE DOG HOSVIK! HE WILL NOT SURRENDER!

BRING IN HIS DAUGHTER!



I KNEW MY FATHER WOULD SCORN YOU! KILL ME AS YOU THREATENED! THE SOONER THE BETTER!

OH -- I WOULDN'T BE AS CRUDE AS THAT, MY DEAR!



IF YOU DIE, I HOLD NO TRUMP CARD! I'LL TORTURE YOU -- AND BROADCAST YOUR SCREAMS TO PAIN THAT OUTLAW PIG!

IT WILL BE A FAILURE -- FOR I'LL NOT CRY OUT!

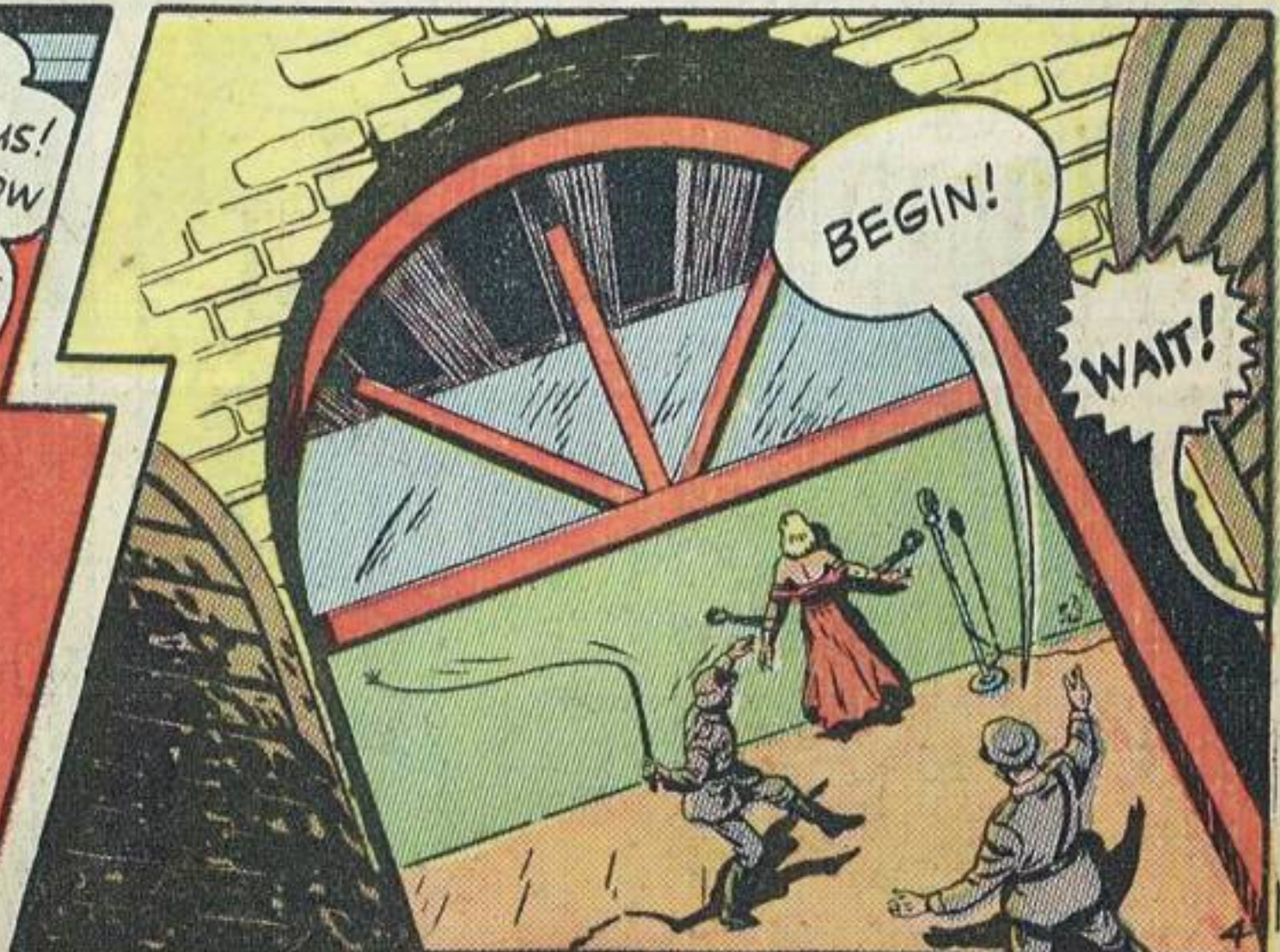


GREETINGS, CONQUERED WORMS! LISTEN, WELL! AND KNOW HOW HEAVY IS NAZI VENGEANCE! THE DELICATE DAUGHTER OF GENERAL HOSVIK IS ABOUT TO BE FLOGGED!



BEGIN!

WAIT!











THE CROWD GALVANIZES TO ACTION! WEAPONS LEAP INTO VIEW! HOSVIK'S GUERRILLAS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION!



I CHALLENGE YOU, YOU NAZI JACKAL! STAND UP AND FIGHT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND..



QUICK! BACK TO THE CASTLE! WE'LL DEFEND OURSELVES THERE!



OH -- DON'T LEAVE THE PARTY YET!

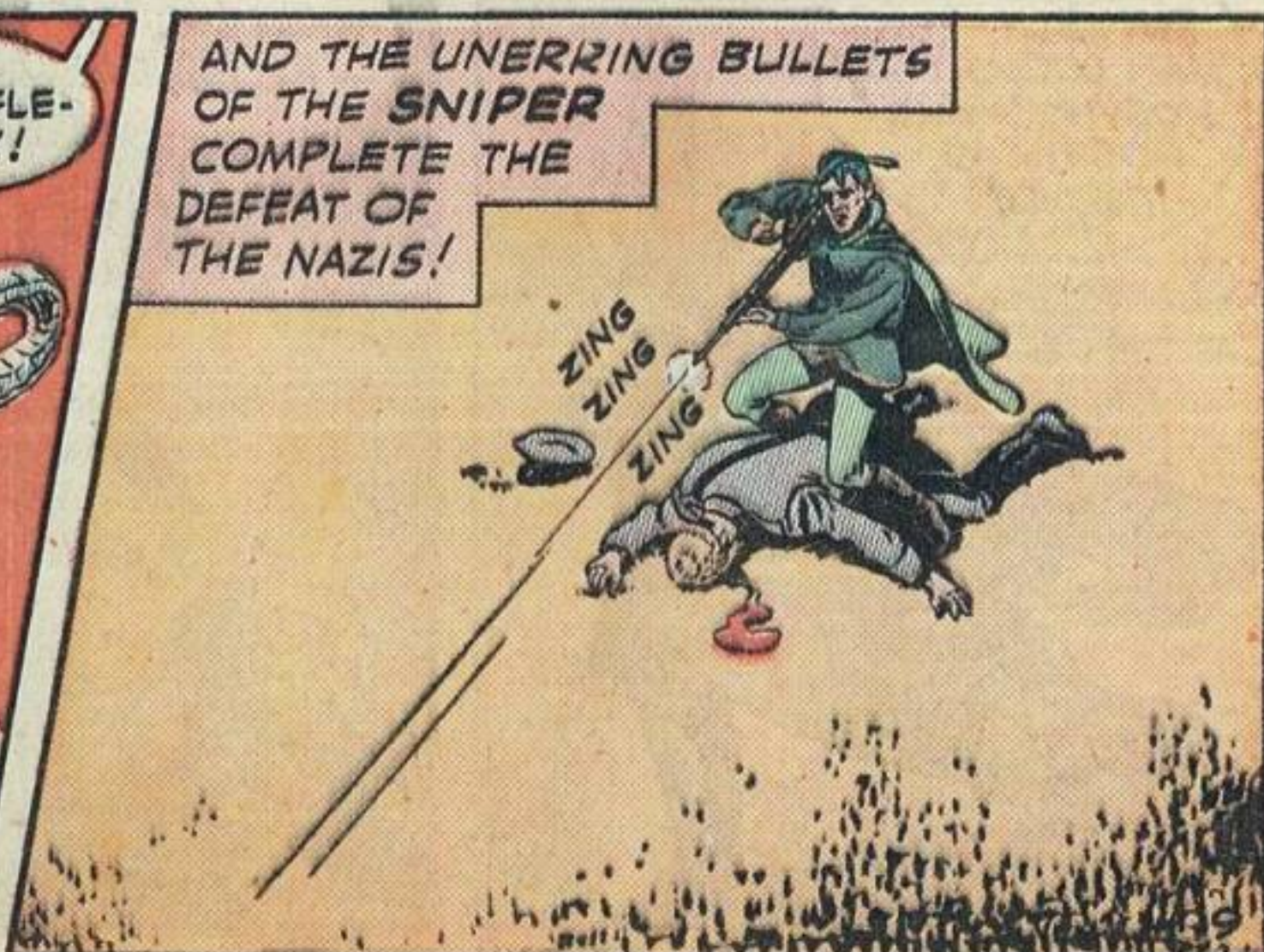
THE SNIPER!



TAKE THIS RIFLE-STOCK!



AND THE UNERRING BULLETS OF THE **SNIPER** COMPLETE THE DEFEAT OF THE NAZIS!





THIS IS OUR FIRST SUCCESS!
WE HAVE CAPTURED MUCH
AMMUNITION, MANY WEAPONS!
WE'LL GO ON FIGHTING THE NAZIS
FROM WITHIN, WHILE OUR FRIENDS
ATTACK FROM WITHOUT!

I'LL PUSH ALONG, HOSVIK ...
YOU DON'T NEED ME HERE,
AND I'M NEEDED SOMEWHERE
ELSE! WILL YOU SAY GOODBYE,
DORIZA?

**SAY ---
GOODBYE?**



HEY, KIDS! THEY'RE BACK AGAIN

DEATH PATROL

HERE'S DEATH PATROL, KIDS... THAT FOREIGN LEGION OF THE AIR, FIGHTING WITH THE R.A.F. IN IT ARE BORIS, THE RUSSIAN.. GRAMPS, AN EX-CONVICT.. KING HOTINTOT, A ZULU CHIEF AND MYSELF, AN EX-PLAYBOY.. IF YOU REMEMBER, THE LAST TIME YOU SAW US WAS BEFORE THE JAPS ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR.. IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS OUR ADVENTURES BECAME OF SUCH A SECRET NATURE THAT THEY COULD NOT BE MADE PUBLIC FOR FEAR THAT THEY WOULD BE OF MILITARY VALUE TO THE ENEMY.. BUT NOW THE DANGER IS PAST, SO HERE THEY ARE...

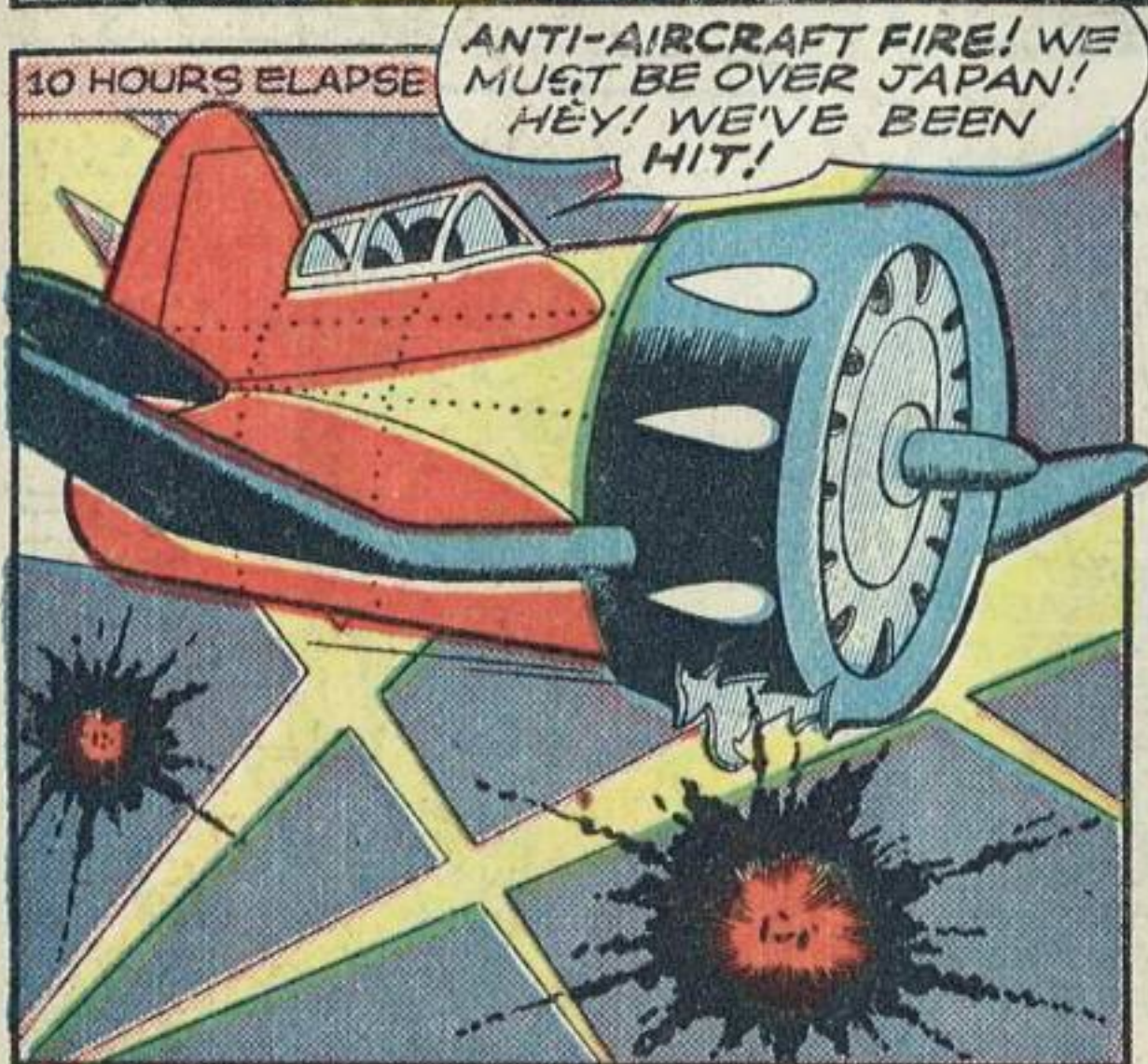
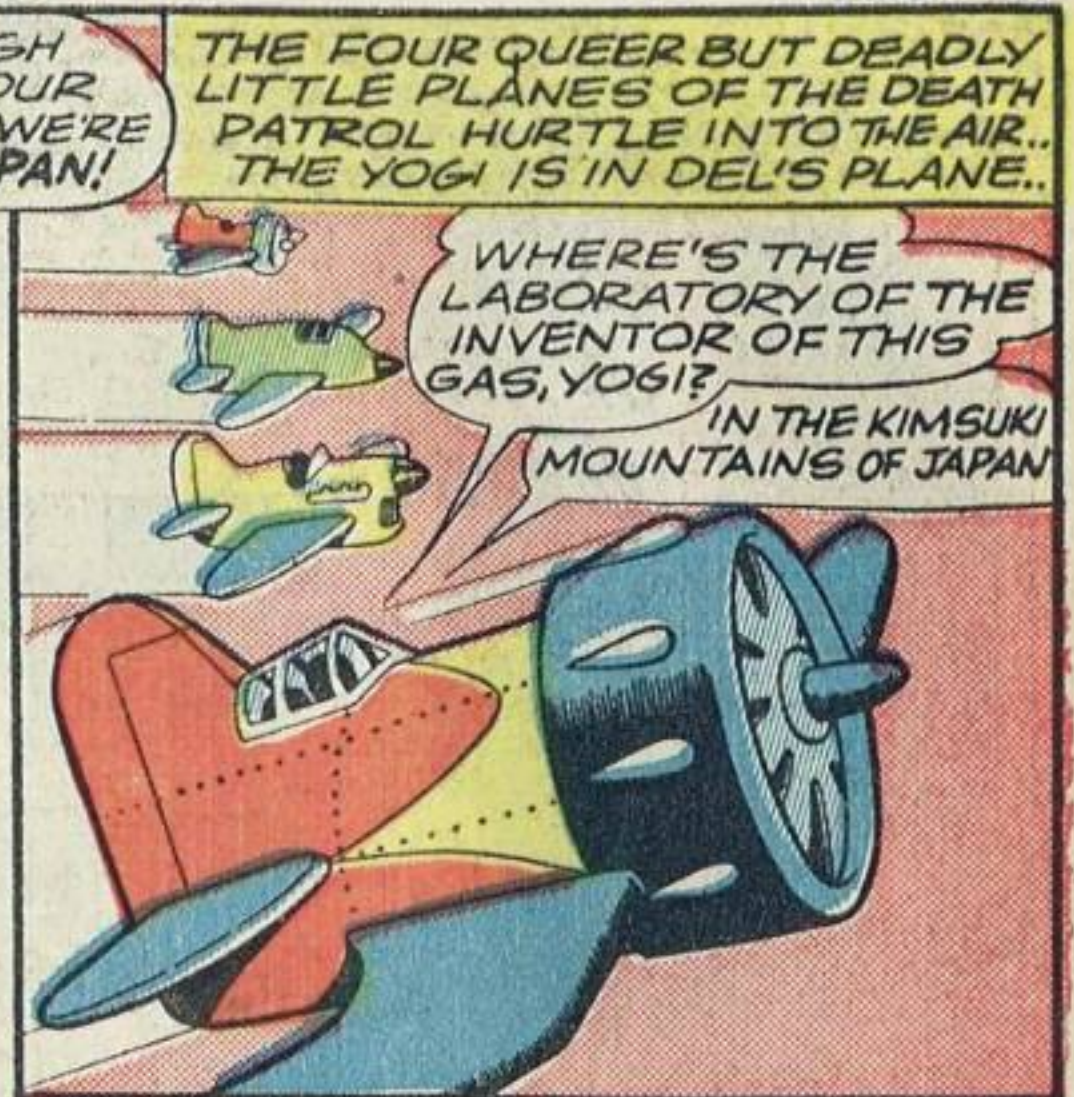
THERE YOU ARE, GANG.. THAT'S A PAINTING OF OUR NEW REPLACEMENT.. HE SENT IT TO US HIMSELF.. HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!

A YOGI FROM INDIA, EH? I'M BETTINK HE'S A PHONEY!



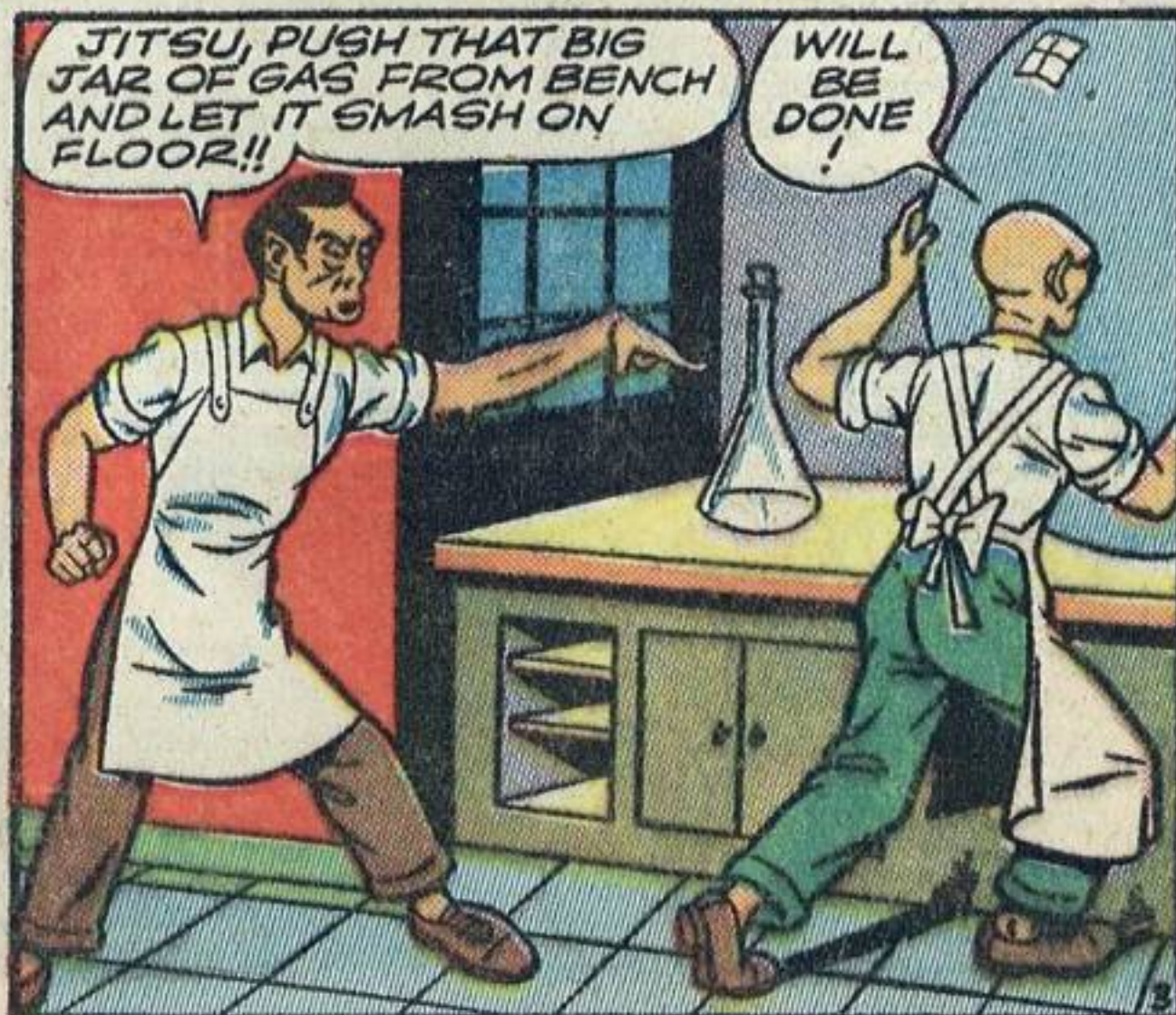
SO! I'M A PHONEY, EH? WELL CAN A PHONEY TURN HIMSELF INTO A PAINTING AND MAIL HIMSELF LIKE I DID, HUH??

T-THE PAINTING IS MOVINK! GULP! IT'S EVEN TALKINK!

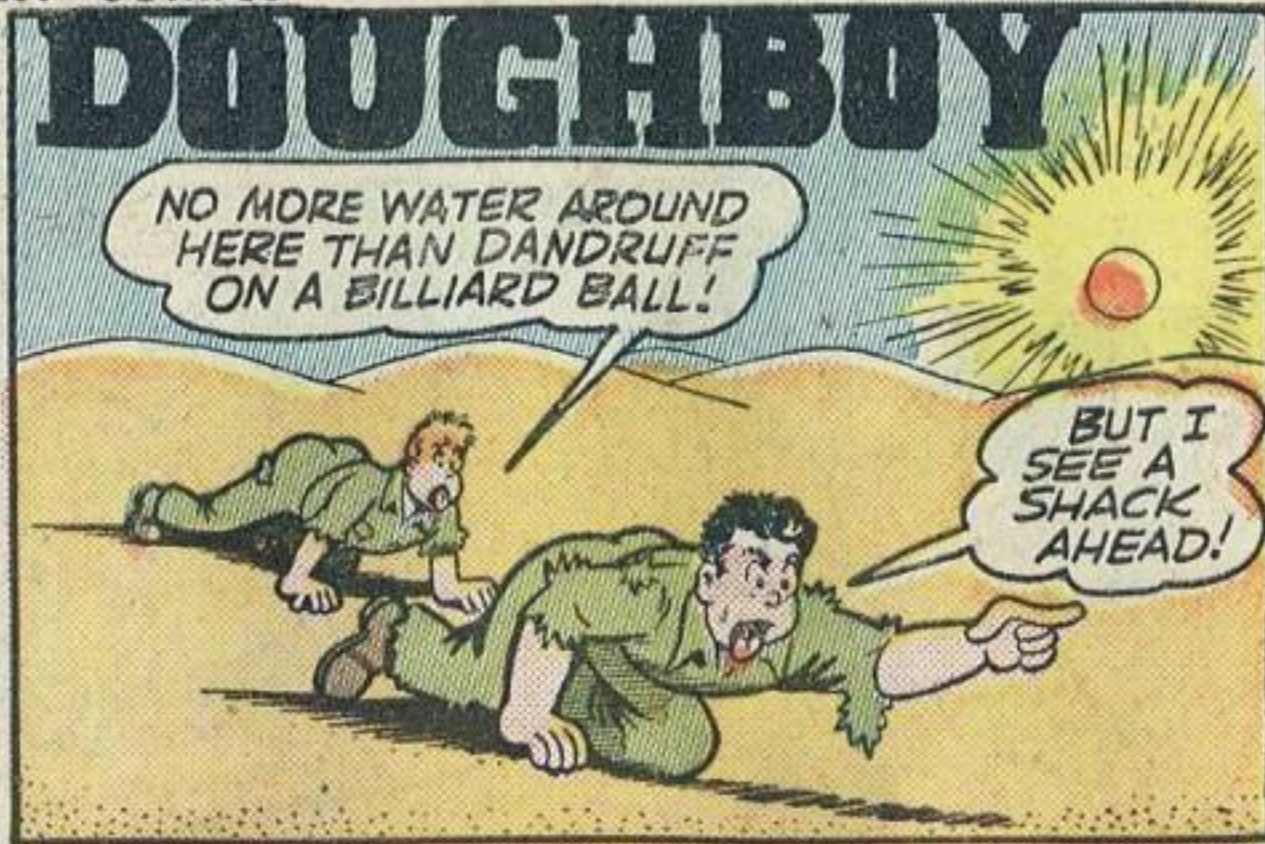




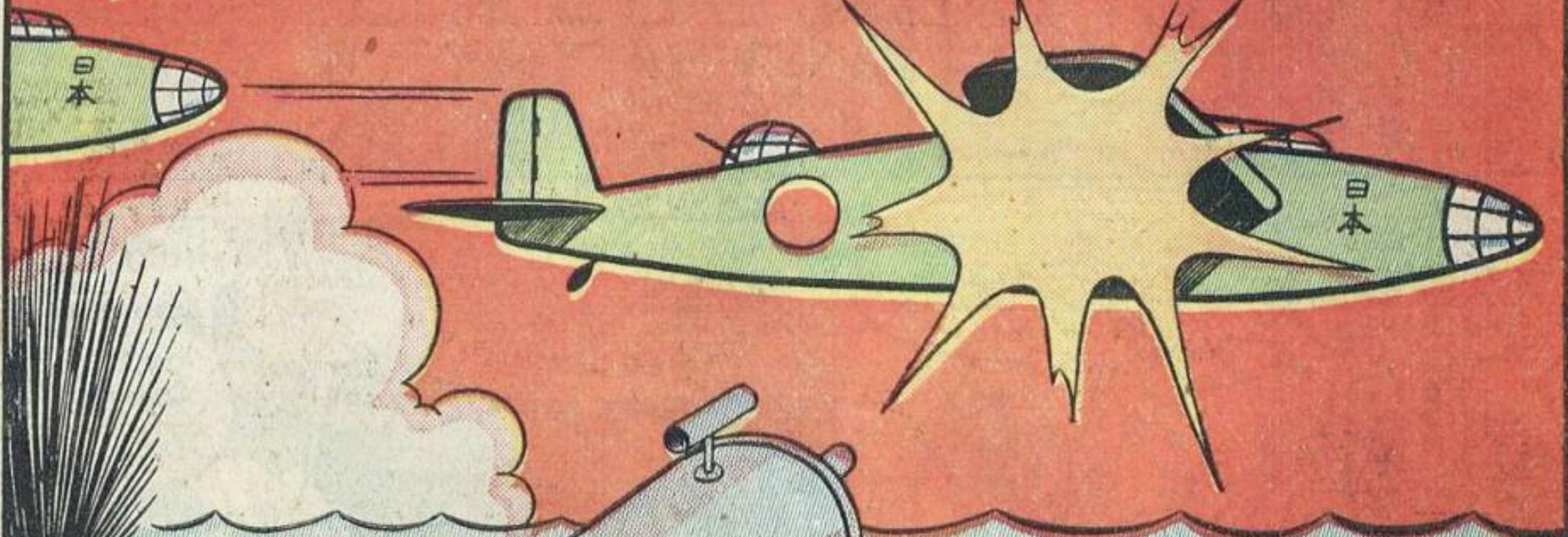
AN AMAZING THING HAPPENS TO DEL.. HIS SKIN BECOMES PARCHMENT YELLOW, HIS EYES SLANT UPWARD, HIS HEIGHT DECREASES AND WHERE THERE ONCE STOOD A CLEAN CUT AMERICAN NOW STANDS A SNEERING JAP..







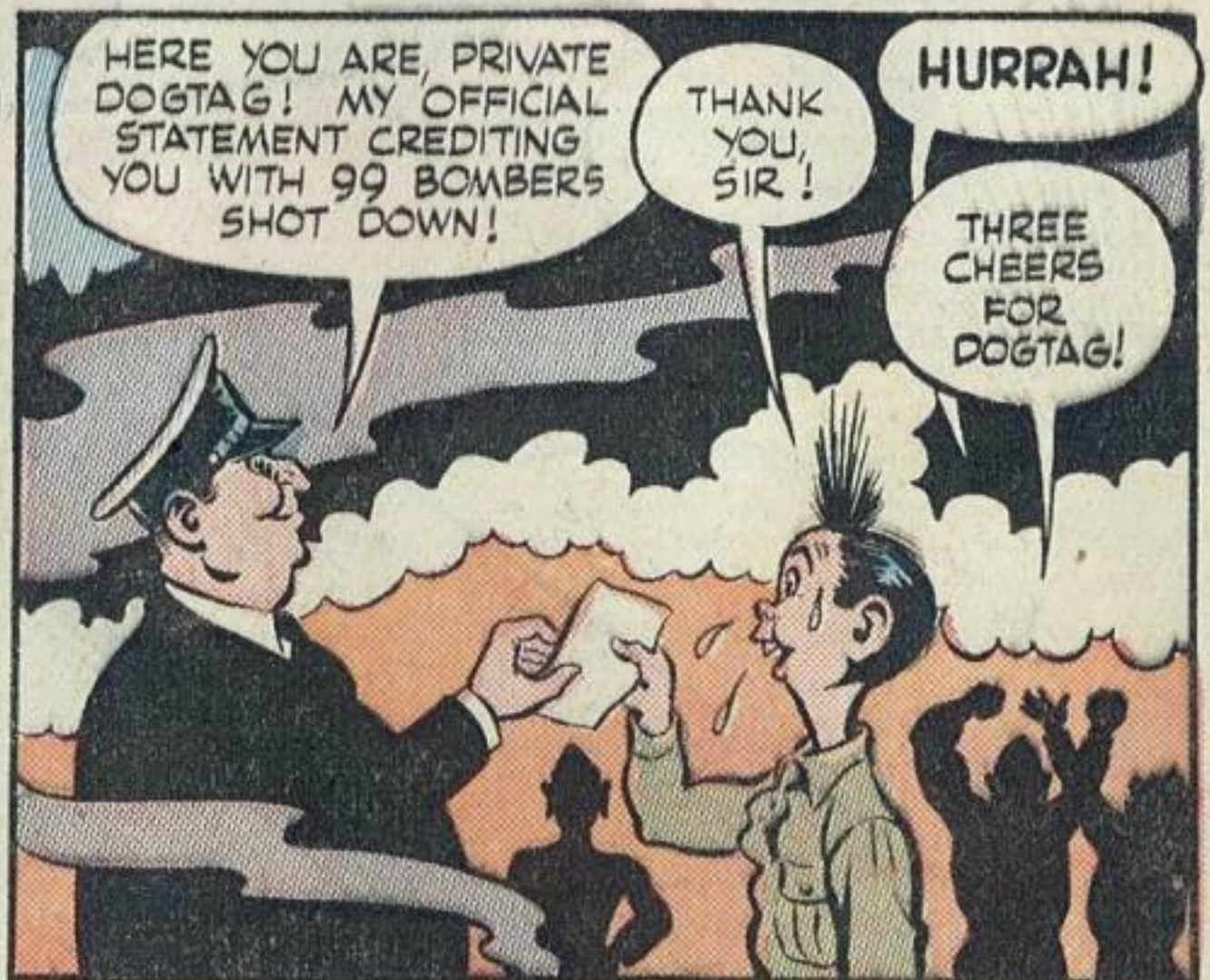
PRIVATE DOGTAG

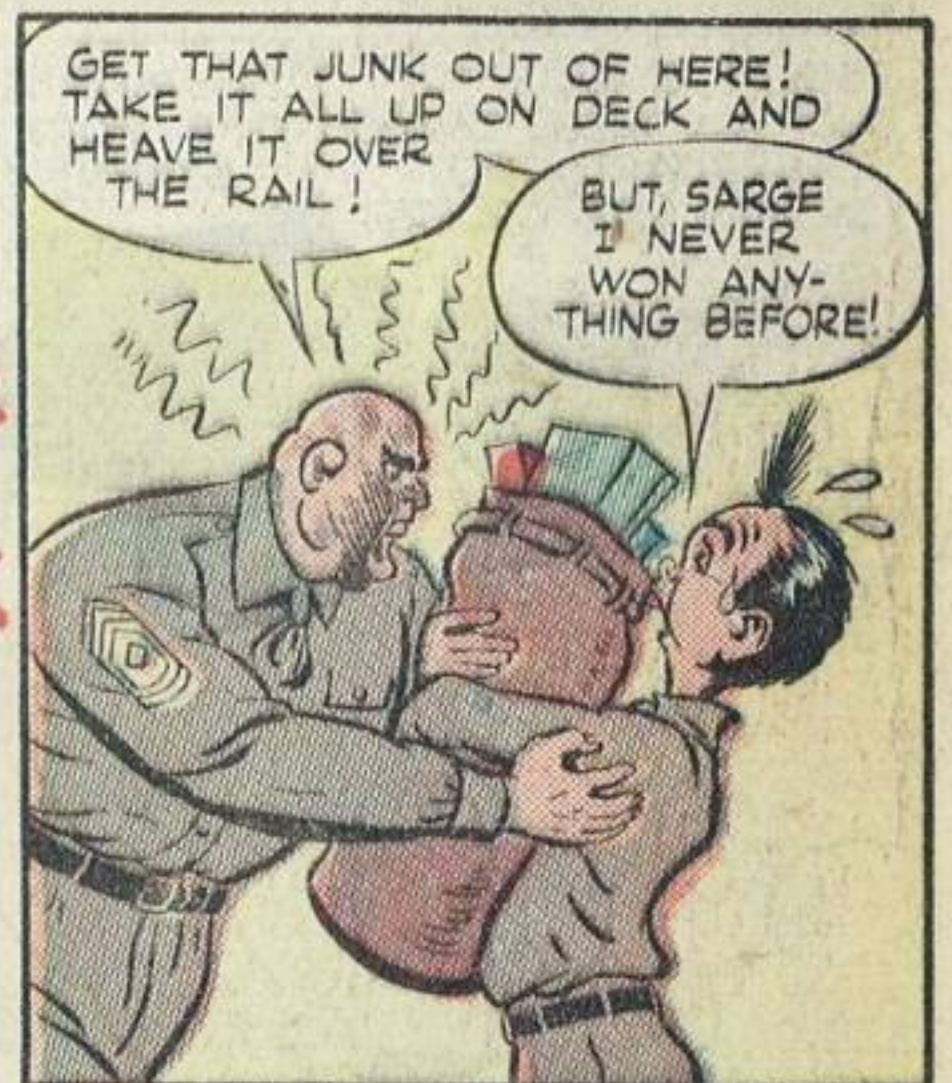


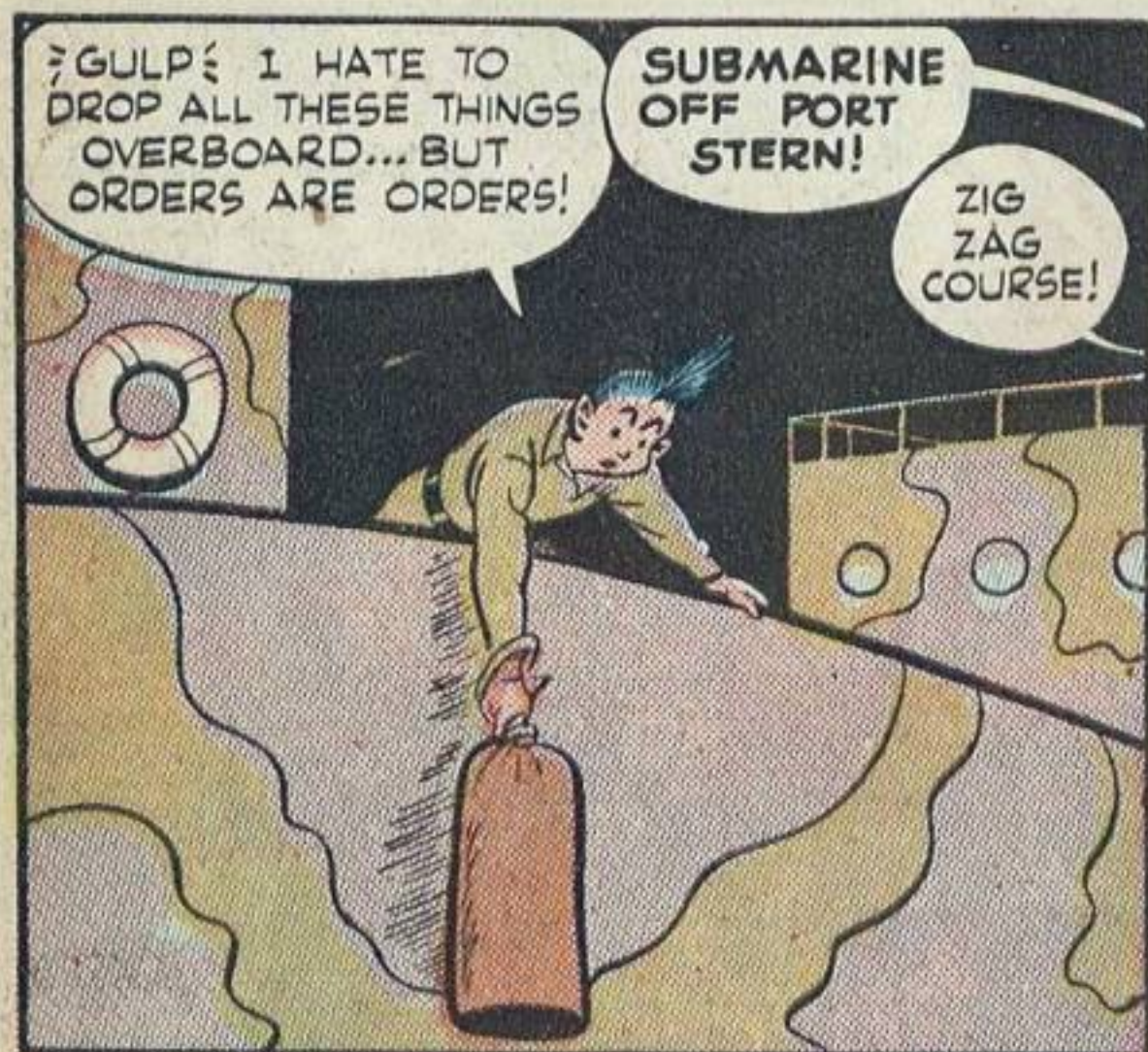
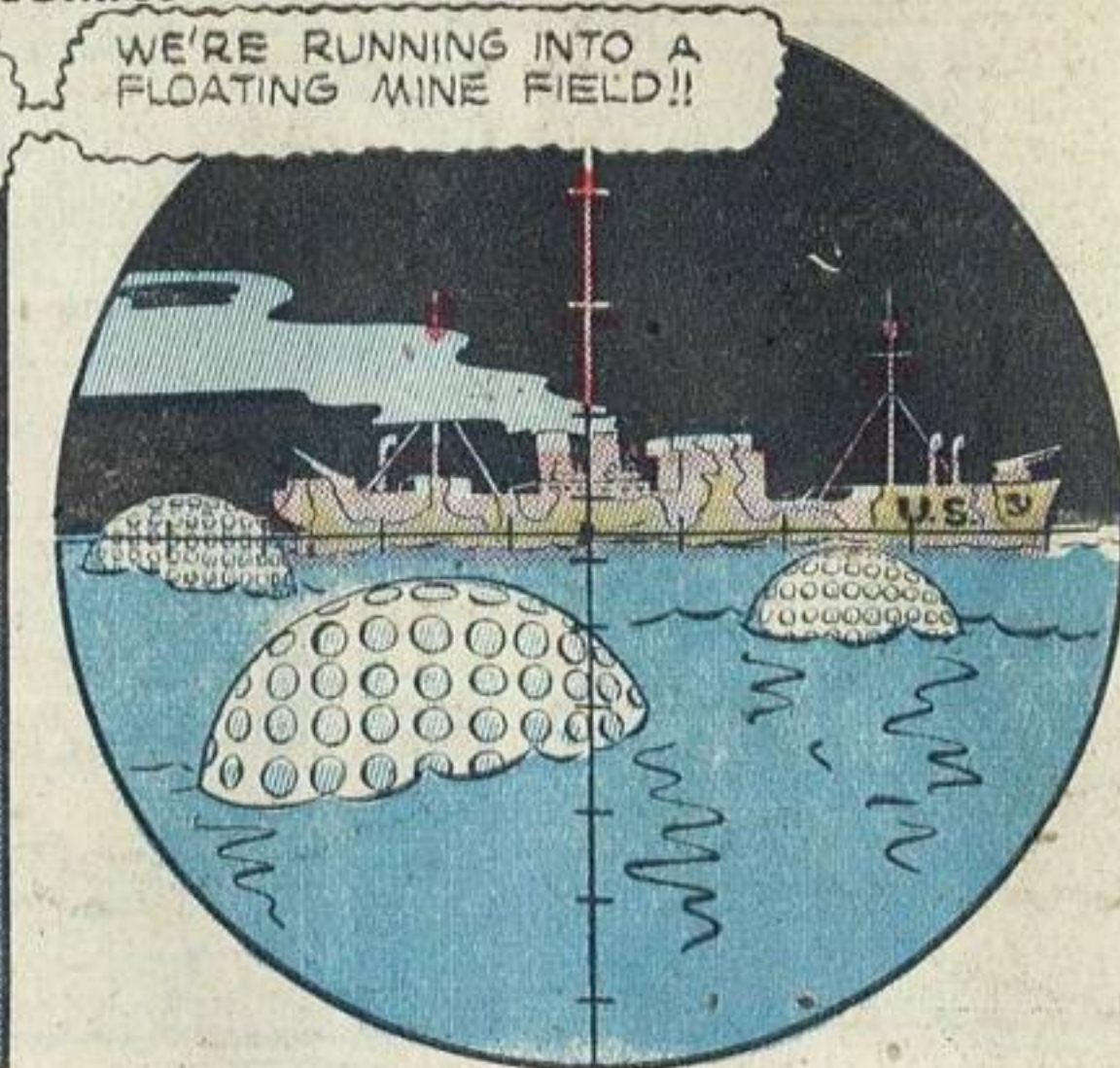
ON AND ON THEY COME...
BIG JAP BOMBERS... BUT
PRIVATE DOGTAG STANDS GRIMLY
DETERMINEDLY, BEHIND HIS BLAZING
MACHINE GUN, TAKING A
DEADLY TOLL OF THE JAPS!



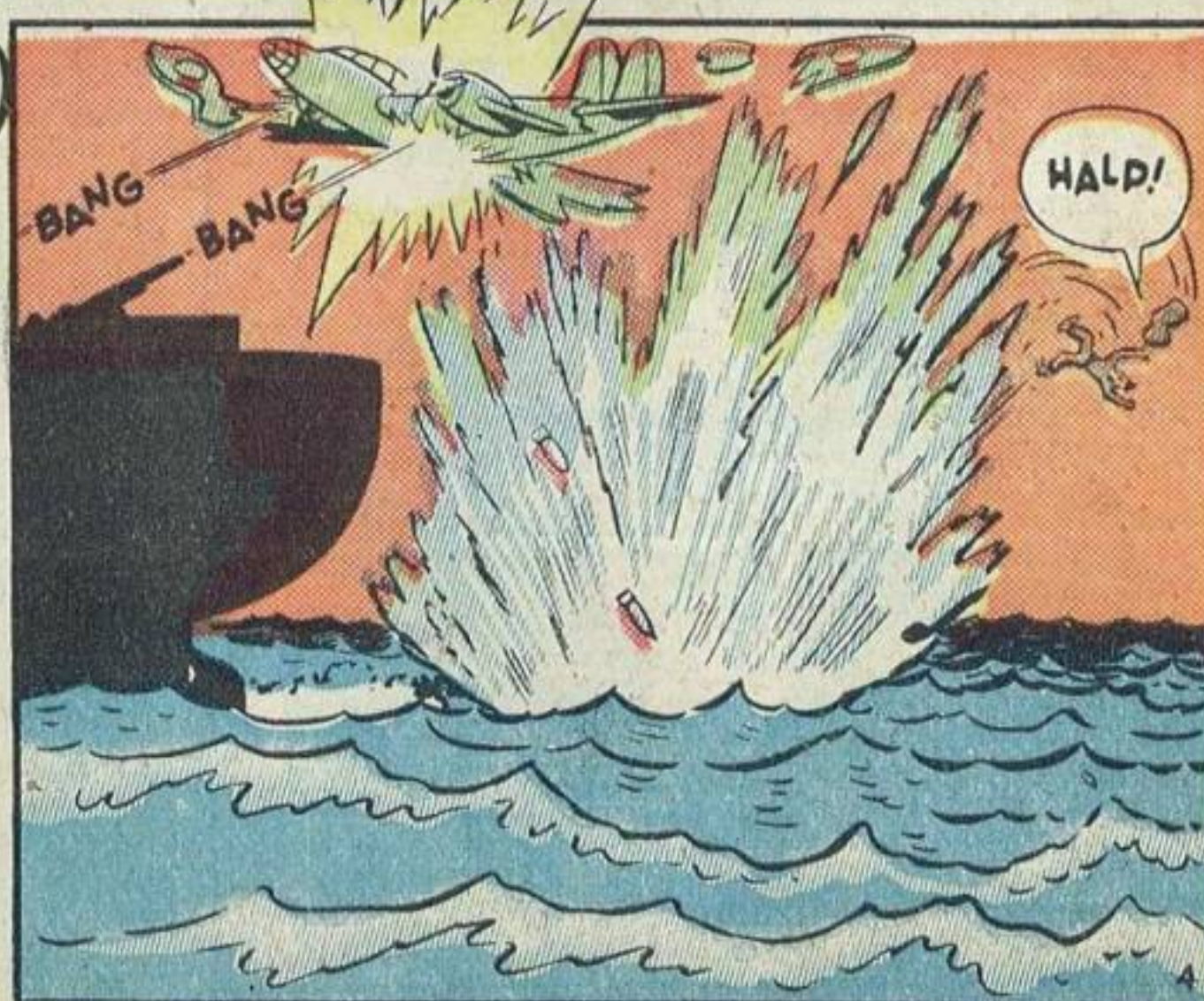
by
BART
TUMEX.







ZIG ZAG COURSE!







THE NIPPONESE ARE
BAFFLED BY TWO
SETS OF FOOTPRINTS
WHICH SEEM TO
VANISH INTO THE CLIFF!



WALKING BACKWARDS
WILL THROW THE
JAPS OFF MY TRAIL!
BOY! AM I SMART!



SURRENDER!

GOSH! THE KNIFE
IN THE SURPRISE
PACKAGE! I'LL
USE IT!



I'LL
NEVER
SURRENDER!

GIVE ME
VICTORY OR
GIVE ME
DEATH!

OW!

HA! HA!
RUBBER
KNIFE!

THIS ONE ISN'T! ROLL HIM
OVER SO I CAN STAB
HIM IN THE BACK!





BUT WHEN
DOGTAG
RETURNS...
WITH THE
ROPE...

THEY'RE
GONE!



LATER...

NO JAP SUB WILL EVER
GET THOSE DRUMS OF OIL...
HA, HA! I POURED THEM
ALL OUT ON THE
BEACH!

WHAT
TH..

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

GOLLY! NOW
I'M OUT OF
OIL!!



AT THAT
MOMENT,
THE ENEMY
SUB BREAKS
WATER
NEARBY!

MY
MOTOR'S
SHOT!

NOW I'LL
HAVE TO
SNEAK
ANOTHER
PERISCOPE
RIDE BACK
TO THE
ISLAND!

**KNOCK
BANG
BANG**



BUT
AS THE
SUB
NEARS
THE BEACH...



OH! OH!
AN AMERICAN
TROOP-SHIP! I
GOTTA DO SOME-
THING QUICK!

AH! NOW
THEY CAN'T
SEE WHERE TO
FIRE THEIR
TORPEDOES!



ABOARD THE AMERICAN TRANSPORT...

I SAY, SIR! THAT JAP
SUB HAS RUN UP ON
THE BEACH AND IS FIRING
ITS TORPEDOES INTO A
COCONUT GROVE!

SOMEONE HAS HIS
CHEST OVER THEIR
PERISCOPE! LOWER THE
BOATS! WE'LL CAPTURE
THE SUB CREW!



LATER...

NO WONDER
ME NO COULD
SINK SHIP ME
SAW IN
PERISCOPE!

IT'S ON
YOUR
CHEST!

THIS
TATTOO PIC-
TURE IS VERY
LIFE-LIKE, EH,
CAPTAIN?



PRIVATE DOGTAG CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO HIS
PRIVATE DOGHOUSE FOR ANOTHER SERVING OF HIS
PICKLES AND JAMS.... IN NEXT MONTH'S

MILITARY COMICS !!

NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2

PT BOAT

PAUL

PERRY

"**T**HERE IS NEITHER EAST NOR WEST,
BORDER, NOR BREED, NOR BIRTH,
WHEN TWO STRONG MEN
STAND FACE TO FACE, THOUGH
THEY COME FROM THE ENDS
OF THE EARTH!"

—RUDYARD KIPLING

IN 1942 ... A SPEED-BOAT RACE ON LUNO RIVER ...



WHO'S LEADING?

WILEY HAWKINS, OF COURSE!...
COME ON, WILEY!



THAT'S MRS. VAN DER GROOTEN! ... HIGH SOCIETY REALLY TURNED OUT IN FORCE FOR THIS RACE!

YEAH... BECAUSE WILEY HAWKINS 3RD IS KICKING AROUND OUT THERE IN HIS WATER KIDDY-CAR!



IT'S OVER!

WILEY WINS !!



"THE DISTINGUISHED SNOB, WILEY HAWKINS 3RD, WINS THIRD LEG ON SPORTSMAN'S CUP!"
A CHOICE TIDBIT FOR YOUR SOCIETY COLUMN!

WILEY HAWKINS IS ALWAYS GOOD COPY!



I'M JUST A SPORTS REPORTER, BUT I'D TRADE HAWKINS AND ALL HIS CREW FOR A GUY LIKE **BULKELY!** HE MOVES FAST IN A SPEEDBOAT, TOO -- AGAINST THE JAPS -- BUT HE DOESN'T RATE THE SOCIETY PAGE!

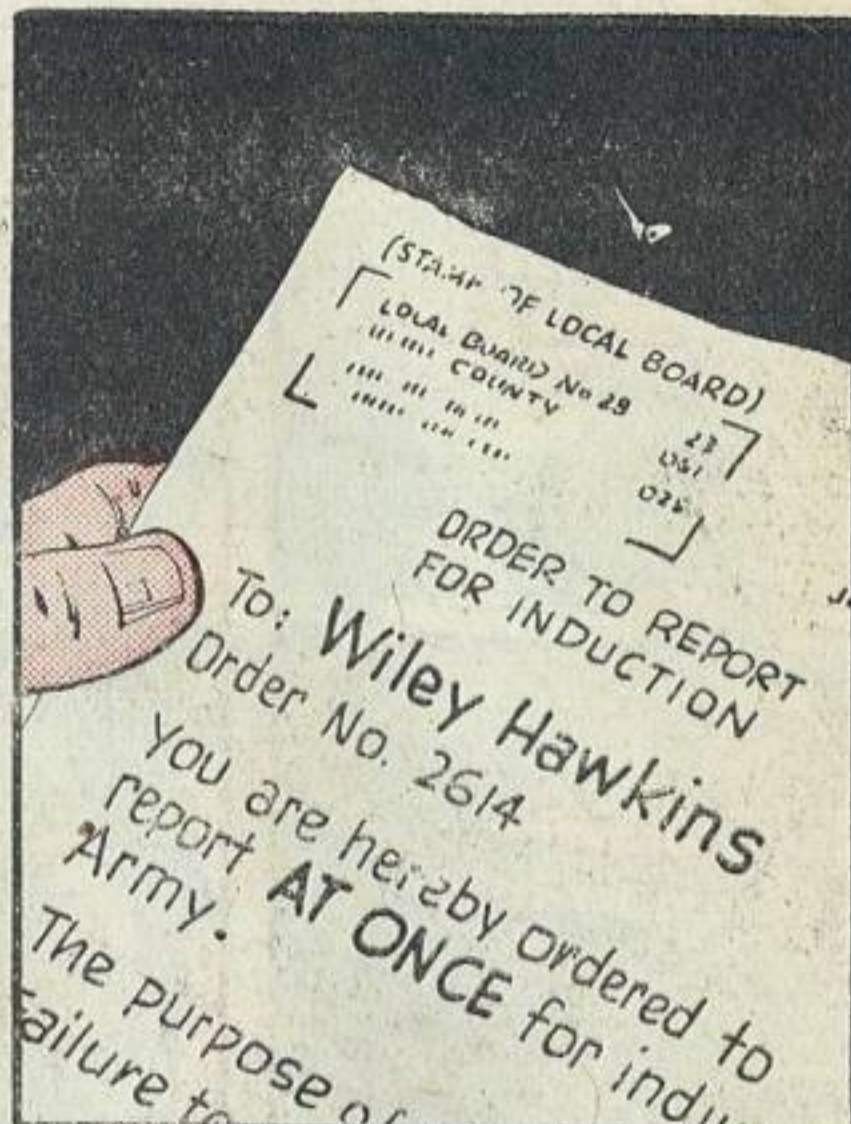
HE DOESN'T COME FROM OUR MOST PROMINENT FAMILY -- AS WILEY DOES!



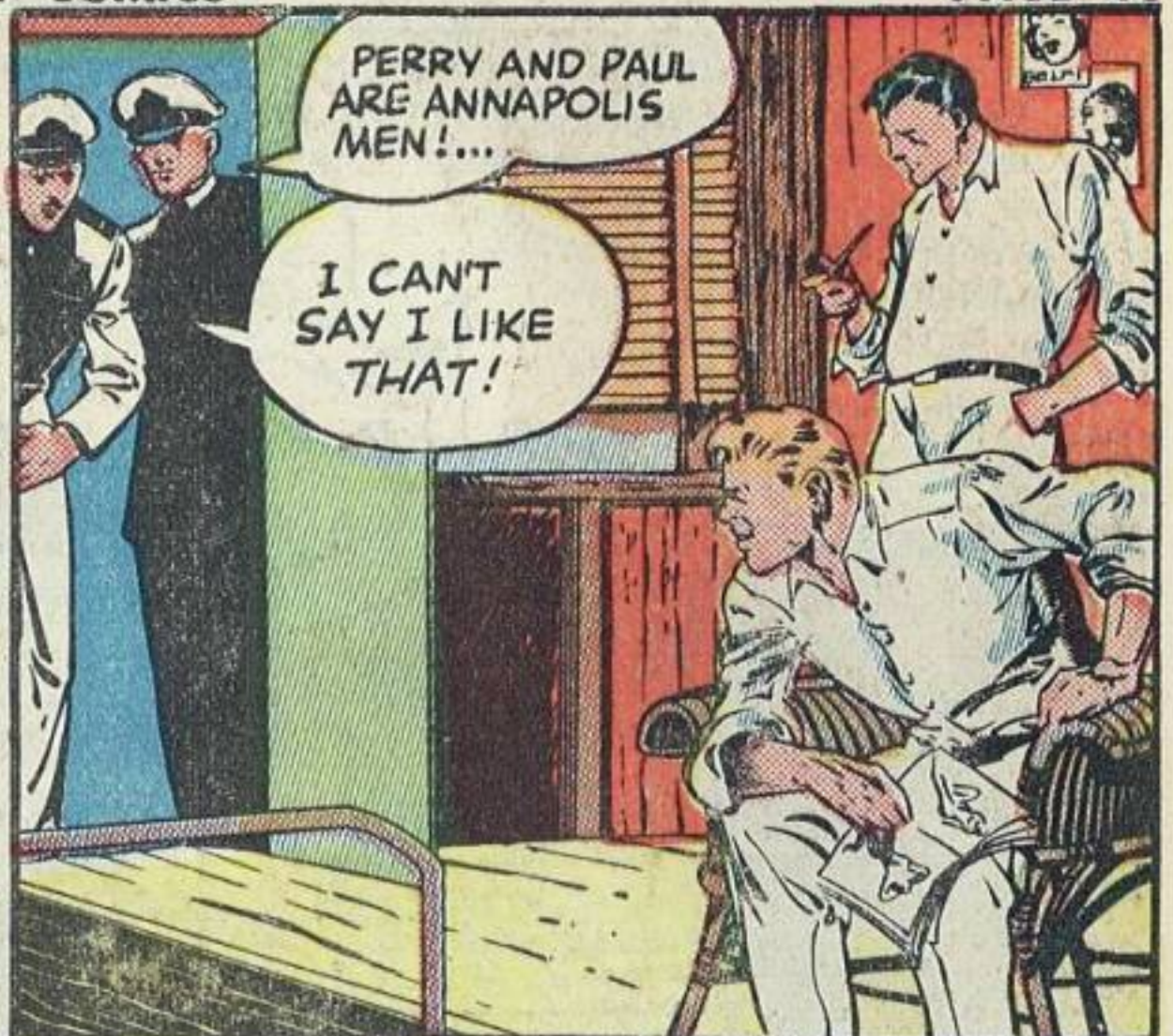
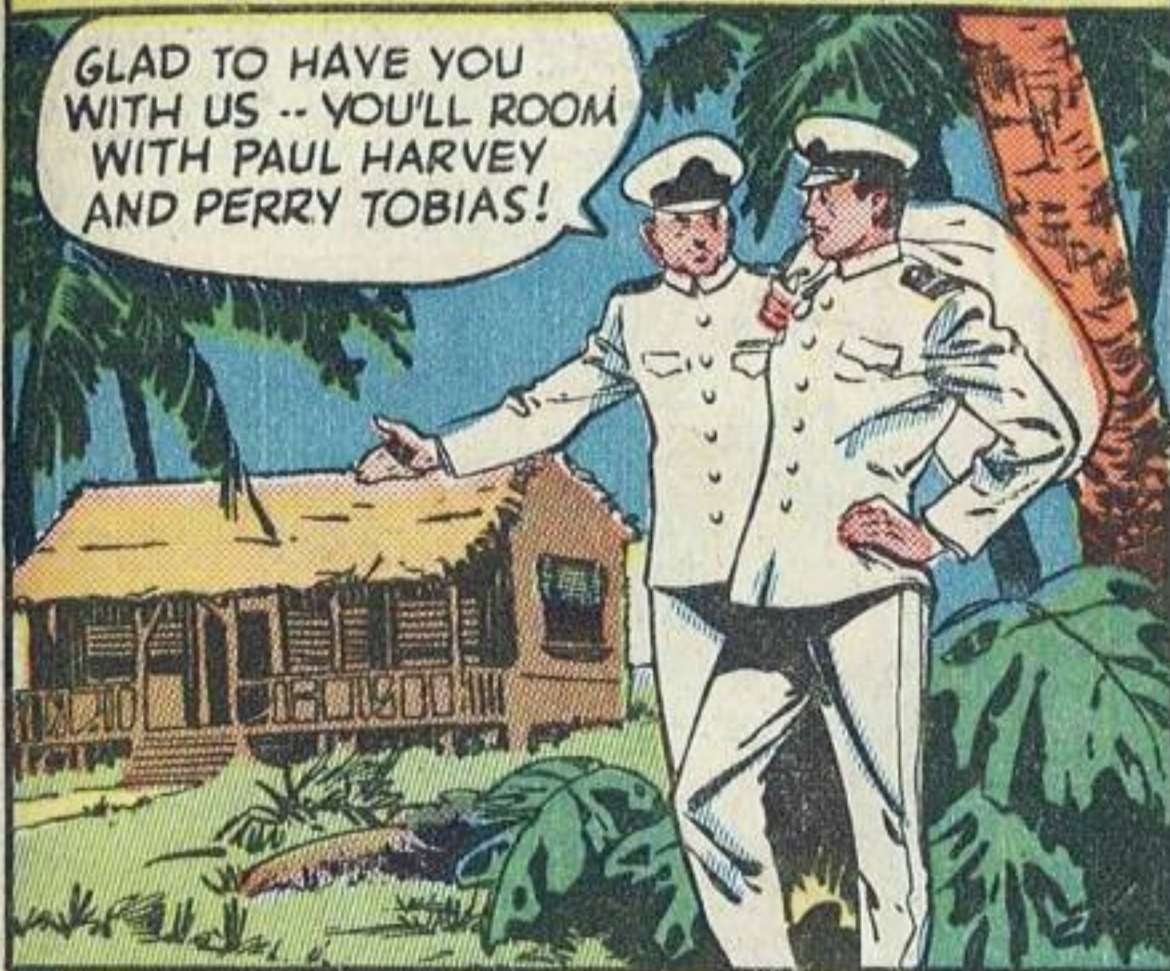
WILEY HAWKINS, SINCE YOU'VE WON THE SPORTSMAN'S CUP FOR THE THIRD TIME, IT NOW BELONGS TO YOU PERMANENTLY!

MESSAGE FOR MR. WILEY HAWKINS!





TWO WEEKS LATER -- AT THE PACIFIC BASE OF MOTOR BOAT SQUADRON NUMBER SIX



BUT PERSONAL GRUDGES DON'T LAST LONG IN THE LIVES OF MEN WHO RIDE THE PT BOATS!

SAY, PAUL! THAT GUY HAWKINS REALLY HANDLES A BOAT!

HE SURE DOES!



TOO BAD HE HASN'T CAUGHT ON THAT THIS ISN'T STRICTLY A GENTLEMAN'S WAR!

HE MOVED OUT OF LIEUTENANT GREEN'S ROOM TODAY AFTER LEARNING GREEN USED TO BE A SHIPPING CLERK! THE OLD MAN'S SORE BUT HAWKINS IS TOO GOOD A MAN TO KEEP IN THE BRIG!



HAWKINS IS JUST A SNOB!

HE'S GOT THE RIGHT STUFF -- IF ONLY THERE'S SOME WAY TO BRING IT OUT!



I ASKED YOU THREE MEN TO COME HERE BECAUSE I HAVE A JOB WHICH NEEDS THE SQUADRON'S BEST MEN! THE NAVY STILL CAN'T LOCATE THE SUB THAT'S BEEN RAIDING OUR EAST-BOUND SHIPPING!



I THINK THAT FISH HAS HER BASE IN JABUTA BAY -- THE PLACE CALLED "THE SARGASSO OF THE SOUTH SEAS"! WE'LL HAVE A LOOK THERE!



NO DESTROYER CAN GET THROUGH THAT STRETCH OF SEA WEED AND SHALLOW WATER! BUT A PT BOAT MIGHT ---

WE CAN DO IT, SIR!

IF THE SUB'S THERE, WE'LL FIND IT!



AT DAWN, THE PT BOATS ROAR AWAY ON THEIR DANGEROUS MISSION!



THROUGH THE WEED-CHOKED ENTRANCE TO JABUTA BAY, WHERE SLIMY GREEN GROWTHS THREATEN TO ENTANGLE THE PROPELLERS AND LEAVE THE BOATS STRANDED AND HELPLESS!...



TOUGH GOING!

HAWKINS IS DOING OKAY! HE CAN'T GET ALONG WITH "COMMON" PEOPLE -- BUT HE DOES GET ALONG WITH A BOAT!



HIDDEN BENEATH THE BAY'S COVERING OF WEEDS, A JAP SUBMARINE PICKS UP THE SOUND OF THE PT MOTORS!



ENEMY POWER BOATS APPROACH! COURSE ONE SIXTY --- SPEED TWENTY!

SHIFT TO SERIES -- COURSE ONE TEN -- SPEED EIGHT! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!



ENEMY NOW AT TWENTY-ONE DEGREES!

FIRE ONE!

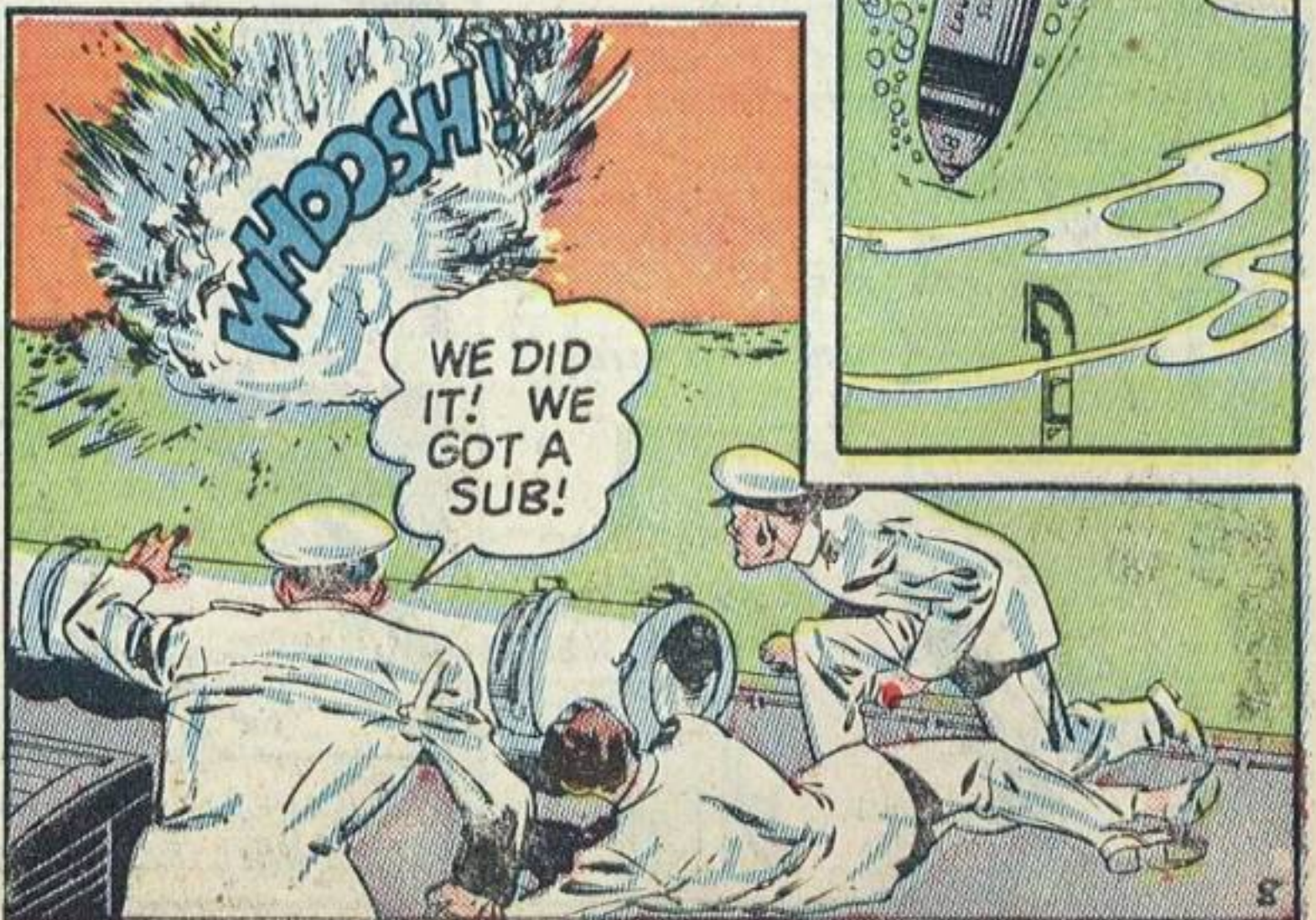
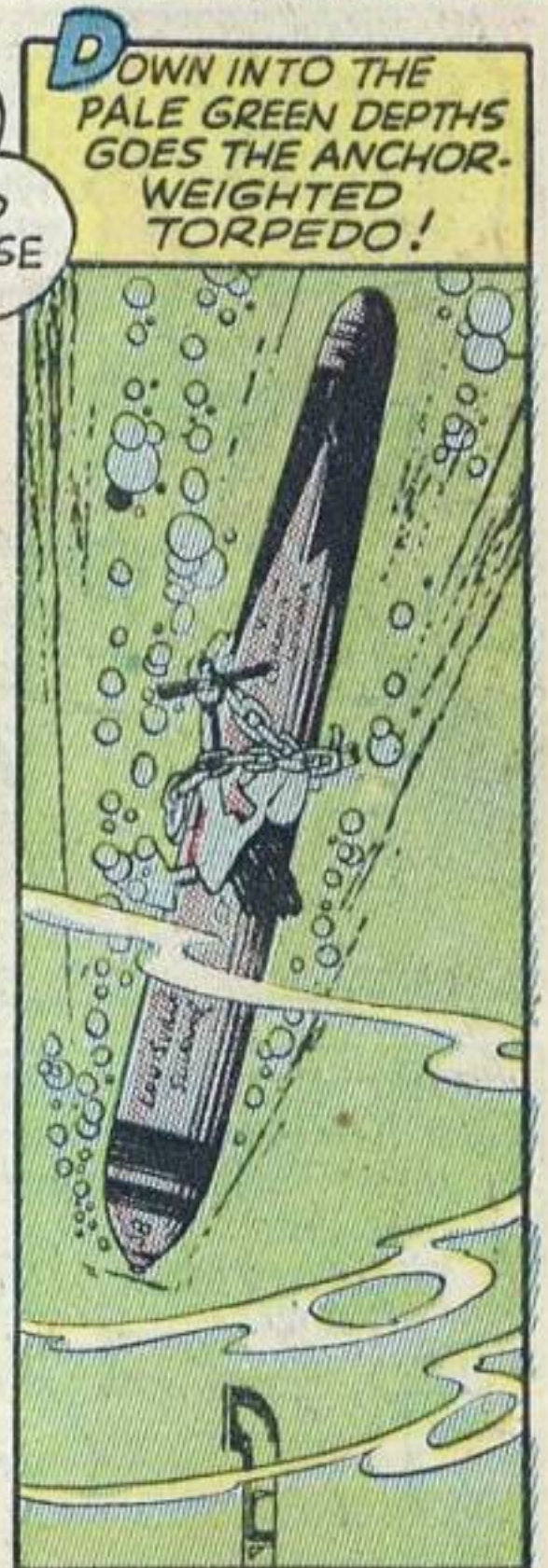


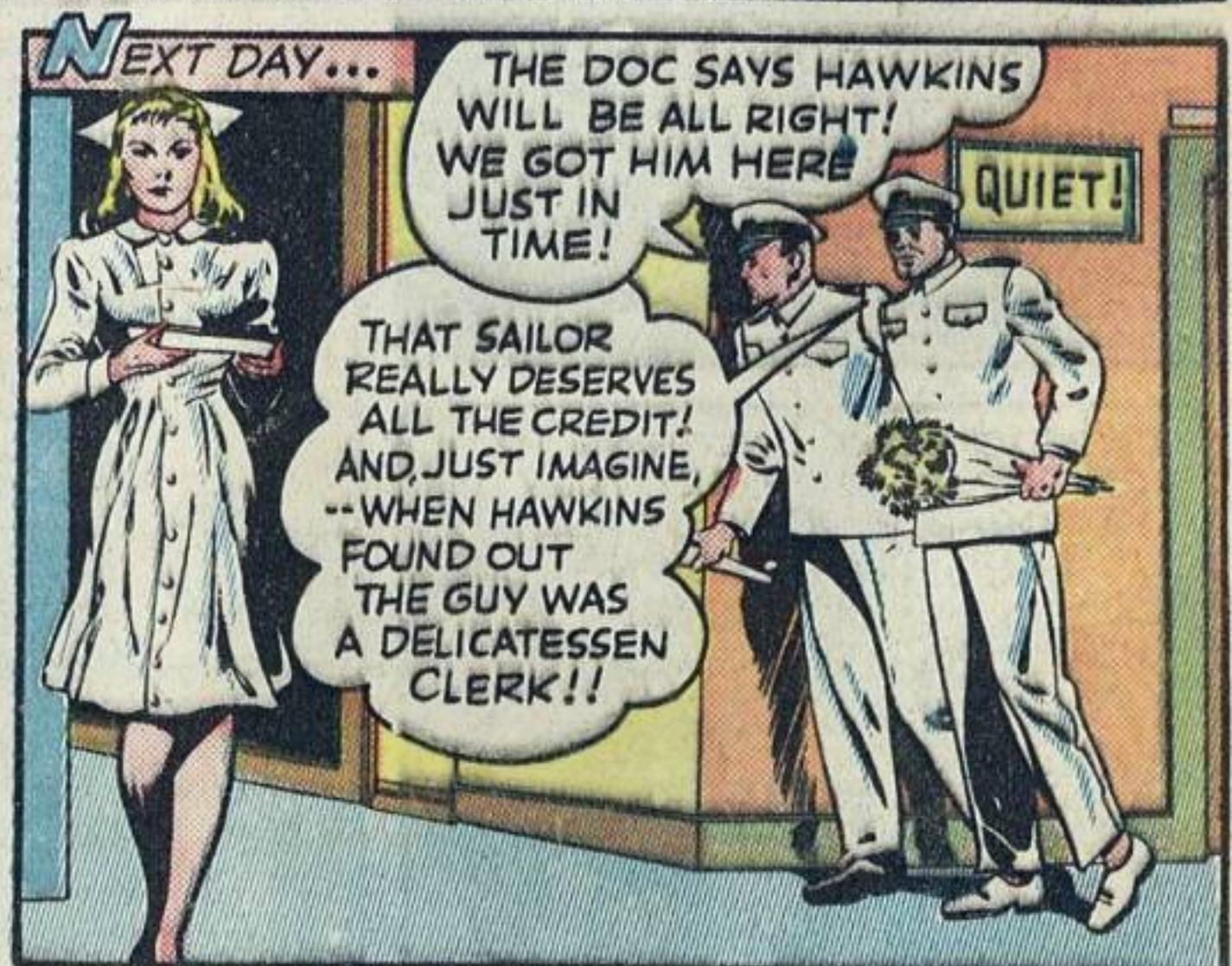
TORPEDO!

OVERBOARD! QUICK!









THE WAY *of* BLACKHAWK

CAPTAIN JOHROH, once favored of the Mikado, stood in full uniform before his military judges. Johroh was twice the size of any dwarfed yellow officer there; even among white men he would be a giant. Under his tunic swelled huge hummocks of meaty muscle, his neck was thick, his shaven skull heavy, his slant eyes sunk like rifle-pits.

"Captain Johroh," said Colonel Sigura, head of the court martial, "you are guilty of theft and false reports of goods trusted to you in the Burmese field conflict. For such crimes, in time of war, an officer may be executed."

"I was hungry," mumbled the big captain. "My body needs more food than smaller men——"

"And you took rations that should have fed six soldiers, gulping them yourself," broke in the colonel coldly. "Food was scarce, and several men were undernourished—a position was poorly guarded, and fell to the enemy. For that, too, you could be sentenced to die miserably."

"I can only say——" began Captain Johroh.

"Say nothing," bade Colonel Sigura. "Because you shall have one more chance." He pushed forward a paper covered with Japanese characters. "This assigns you to Fort Kara, in the heart of captured Manila. At Fort Kara there is an

experimental shop where the newest and most terrible of rapid-fire air cannon will be built. Only one set of plans exists, and is guarded there."

"I am to keep them safe?" asked Johroh eagerly. "Easily done, sir."

"Perhaps," nodded the colonel coldly. "It so happens that we have news from our spies—Blackhawk himself has sworn to seize those plans and let his allies use them."

"Blackhawk!" The name was chorused forth in absolute horror from those who heard it. Only Johroh grinned.

"I will baffle him, honorable sirs," he promised.

"Then do so," commanded Colonel Sigura. "Once every twenty-four hours I myself shall visit Fort Kara. If the plans are gone at any time, you shall die—at once—without further trial—and by the most dreadful of tortures."

* * *

Fort Kara did not look like most forts. Indeed, it looked like hardly anything—from ground level. Only a single round turret protruded, in an area of Manila long ago laid bare of buildings by intensive bombings and shell fire. No brick, stone or clod was left there, and constant work with hoe and rake kept it bare even of grass. The turret itself was no taller than a man, no wider than a barrel, and made of double-strength steel and con-

crete. It was topped by a periscope and sensitive sound detectors. Captain Johroh strode up to its door, where a sentry stood with fixed bayonet.

"No entry, honorable officer," hissed the sentry.

"I am the new commander," growled back Captain Johroh, and held out his commission. "Admit me, and fasten the door behind me."

The sentry came to a salute. The captain passed inside. An iron ladder showed the way to Fort Kara's hidden depths. As he swung down, he heard the upper doorway clang.

But he had no time to think of what lay behind and above. On the level below was a second sentry, a pistol ready in his hand. "You have permission to come here?" he challenged.

"Fool, I am he who gives permissions," snarled the captain, thrusting forward his order sheet. "Cease your questions, summon the second-in-command with the plans we guard. Quickly!"

The sentry saluted, and turned to a telephone. Within seconds a dapper lieutenant scampered into view, a rolled set of blueprints under his arm.

"Captain Johroh?" he smiled. "We are honored to——"

"Silence, and give me the prints. Which way lie my

quarters?" Johroh turned in the direction the lieutenant indicated. "See that the door is kept locked behind me. Let nobody enter without permission. Uunderstand?"

He tramped away, and again a door clanged behind him. Johroh grinned to himself. The fort was of massive steel and concrete. Each door was of threefold plating, with a huge and complex lock that could not be opened, save from inside. Let Blackhawk, even Blackhawk the terrible, storm this line of portals and armed guards! He went down a corridor to the door marked "Commander." Yet another soldier was on guard.

"Your credentials, honorable sir?" said this one.

"Here, you donkey!" fumed Johroh, tired of repeated challenges. "Read this commission, if you have the eyes and the wit. Then let me into my private quarters. Close the door behind me, admit none except by my orders. Is that clear?"

Once more a salute, a stepping aside, an open door. Johroh entered, heard the door clang and the lock click.

He looked around a private room, comfortable, adequate—with no means of entry except for the door. Beyond that, guarded halls and portals, all the way to the ground level. Johroh felt relief.

Here he was, and here he would stay. The plans for the rapid-fire gun would stay, too. When the experts must con-

MILITARY COMICS

sult them, they would come to him. He himself would be the only keeper, here alone and safe. . . .

"Ah, Captain," murmured a gentle voice at his shoulder, "isn't it cozy here, just the two of us locked in?"

Johroh turned, glaring.

A tall, smiling figure stood there, bowing—a figure with a yellow face, slant eyes, the uniform of a Japanese private. In one hand the private held a big suitcase, over the other arm was draped an overcoat. But Johroh, who had seen and feared many photographs of a certain face suddenly realized that the yellow pigment was a stain, the slant eyes made so by adhesive tape, and that the disguised features were those of—

"Blackhawk!" he gasped, and lunged for the telephone on the wall.

Blackhawk set down the suitcase, dropped the coat upon it, and moved quicker than Johroh. One hand shoved the big captain across the room into a corner. The other caught the phone and wrenched it from the wall.

Johroh opened his mouth to yell. But Blackhawk had leaped back across the room to him. A sudden smashing uppercut dropped Johroh like a sack of meal, and he knew no more.

When senses returned, he lay bound on the cot. Blackhawk had stripped away his uniform, was putting it on.

"Yell now if you wish," he told Johroh. "Imitating your voice, I ordered the sentry outside to leave his post."

"You — y o u —" Johroh stammered. "How did you get in here?"

"The sentries admitted you. Of course, your servant could enter behind you."

"I have no servant!" protested Johroh. "I decided that I could trust nobody—"

"Naturally, your new command at Fort Kara did not know that. I got word of your appointment, and assumed appropriate disguise. Now, changing myself to look like you—after all, the sentries have seen you only once, and I am an expert at make-up—I shall depart. And these," he added, holding up the roll of plans, "go with me. To the experts of the Allied Nations."

Johroh strained at his bonds. "Blackhawk, I know you will not turn back from this. And that nobody can stop you now. But do one thing for me. Draw that pistol you have taken from me and blow out my brains."

Blackhawk smiled again. "And help you to commit harikiri? No, Johroh. I give you your life."

He walked out and away.

Johroh lay alone and helpless. But he knew it would not be for long. Only an hour or two at most, and Colonel Sigura would arrive—to find the plans gone—and to sentence Johroh to a death of torture.

SAILOR DANNY

BY
ART
GATES

A FEW DAYS FURLOUGH
FINDS **SAILOR DANNY**
VACATIONING AT A
BEACH IN SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA.

AT THE SAME BEACH
FOR A **DIFFERENT**
PURPOSE ARE TWO
MEN WHO WOULD
LOVE TO **BLOW US**
ALL TO KINGDOM
COME!



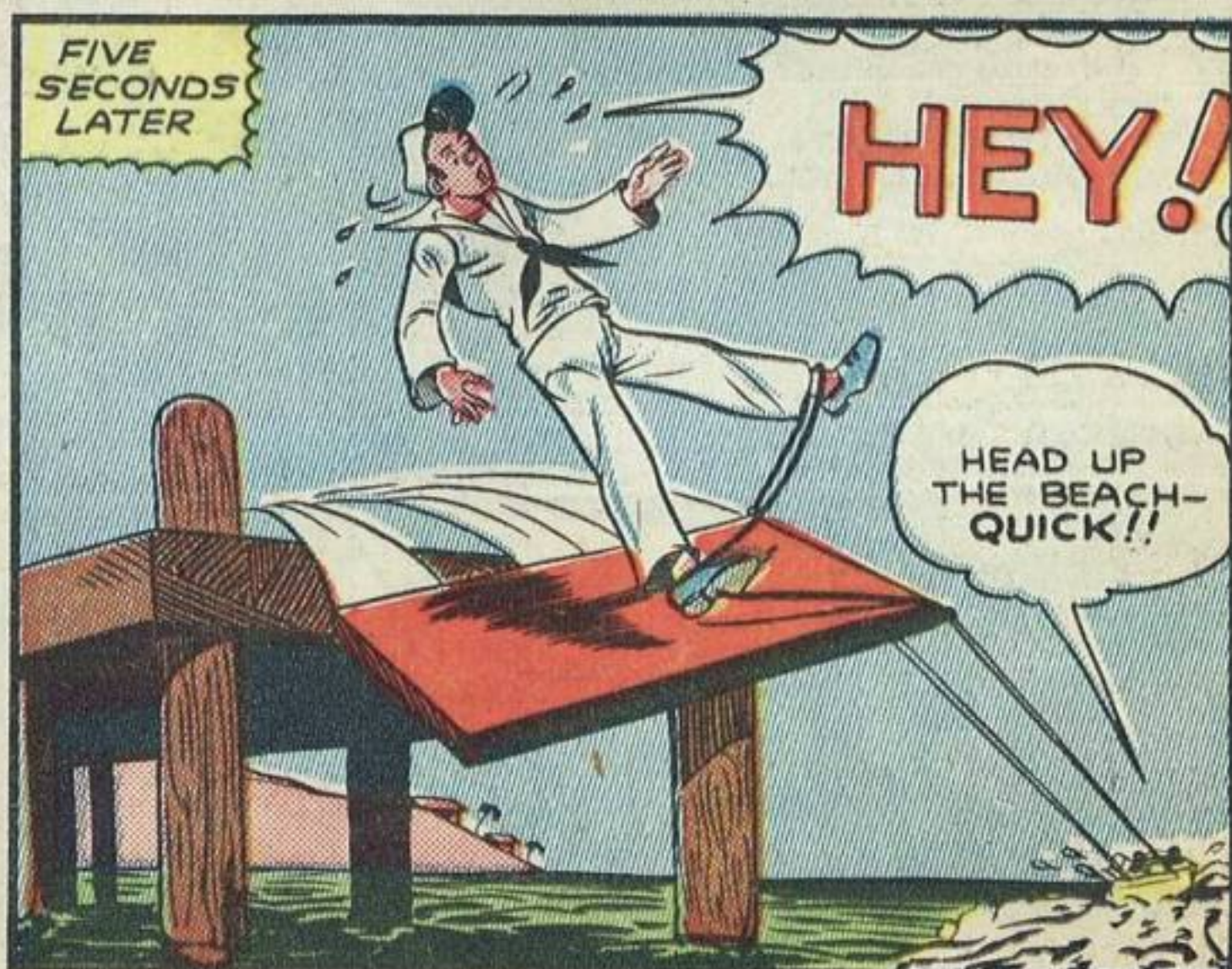


DANNY ACCEPTS THE LUNCH WITH THANKS-- THEN



SUDDENLY









AS THE SURFBOARD ROPE FALLS, IT LANDS RIGHT OVER THE MINE!



IN A WILD CHASE AT CLOSE QUARTERS, THROUGH THE FOGGY NORTH ATLANTIC, A SURFACED GERMAN SUB TWICE ESCAPES THE CANADIAN DESTROYER "ASSINIBOINE"...

The ATLANTIC PATROL

.... DESTROYER SINKS SUB IN ALMOST HAND-TO-HAND ACTION!

"AT A STONE'S THROW," THE SUB IS FOUND AGAIN AND ITS SHELLS START A FIRE ON THE "ASSINIBOINE" ... BUT THE DESTROYER ALSO SCORES A HIT!...



CURSE THAT FOG! - JERRY GAVE US THE GO-BY!



GOOD! WE GOT THE CONNING-TOWER!

NOW WE'LL RAM THEM!



ACH! OUR COMMANDER ISS KILLED! LOOK OUT! DEY'RE GOING TO KILL US!

BEFORE THE U-BOAT CAN DIVE, THE DESTROYER RUNS RIGHT OVER IT, HURLING DEPTH CHARGES!

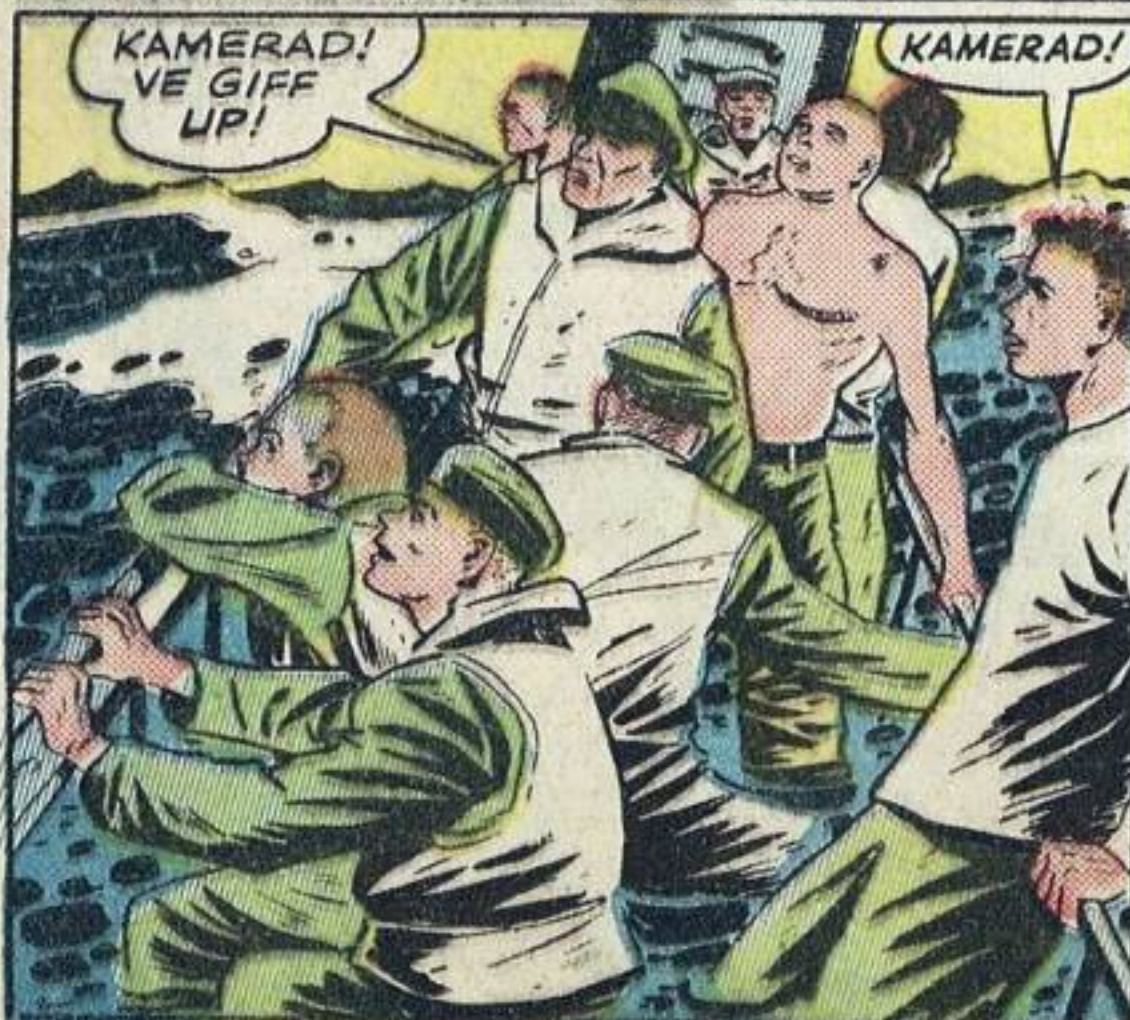


I CAN HEAR IT SCRAPING ALONG OUR KEEL!

A "CAN" LANDS SQUARELY ON THE SUB'S DECK AND SHATTERS IT!



AFTER THAT, THE GERMANS SURRENDER!



KAMERAD! VE GIFF UP!

KAMERAD!



OKAY, JERRY! WE'LL PICK YOU UP! THAT'S MORE THAN YOU'D DO FOR US!



True
Stories
Of Daring
War Adventures

Secret War News



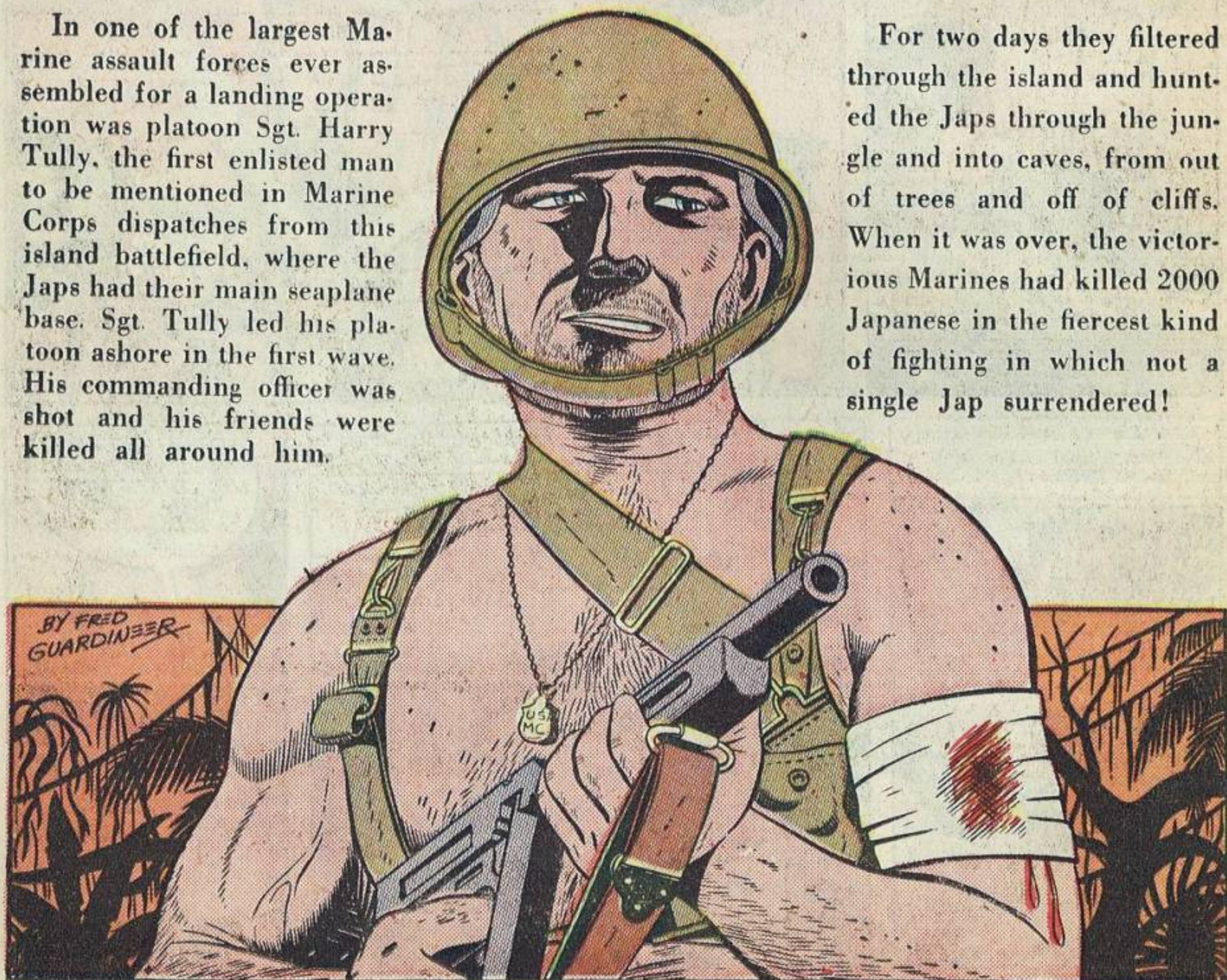
Reported Exclusively
for this Magazine
by our Ace
Correspondent

This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

U.S. MARINES RAID JAP HELD ISLAND

In one of the largest Marine assault forces ever assembled for a landing operation was platoon Sgt. Harry Tully, the first enlisted man to be mentioned in Marine Corps dispatches from this island battlefield, where the Japs had their main seaplane base. Sgt. Tully led his platoon ashore in the first wave. His commanding officer was shot and his friends were killed all around him.

For two days they filtered through the island and hunted the Japs through the jungle and into caves, from out of trees and off of cliffs. When it was over, the victorious Marines had killed 2000 Japanese in the fiercest kind of fighting in which not a single Jap surrendered!



AS DAWN BREAKS OVER GAVATU, THEIR SOUTH SEA ISLAND OBJECTIVE, AN AMERICAN ARMADA MOVES OVER THE HORIZON AND THE ESCORTING BATTLESHIPS' GUNS START BOMBARDING AT 6:17 AM.



COMMENCE FIRING!

NAVY DIVE-BOMBERS BLAST THE JAP SHORE BATTERIES AND INSTALLATIONS.



HERE ARE SOME PACKAGES FOR YOU - MADE IN U.S.A!

ON BOARD A TRANSPORT...



TAKE YOUR BATTLE STATIONS!

STAND BY TO LOWER BOATS!

OVER THE SIDE OF THEIR TROOPSHIP SERGEANT TULLY LEADS HIS MEN INTO THE LANDING BOATS



WATCH YOUR STEP! IF YOU FALL IN THE WATER YOUR PACK AND AMMUNITION WILL PULL YOU UNDER!



DUCK! THEY'RE OPENING UP ON US!

UNDER HEAVY JAP FIRE THE LANDING BOATS SPEED TO SHORE.



WE CAN'T LAND HERE! OUR BOMBERS HAVE HURLED CHUNKS OF CONCRETE IN THE WATER - THE APPROACH IS BLOCKED!

MAKE FOR THE WHARF - WE'LL LAND THERE!



THE MARINES CLAMBER UP THE DOCK WHICH IS HIGHER THAN THE LANDING BOAT.

MACHINE GUNS! THEY GOT US COVERED!



SWEEP THE WHARF! KILL THE AMERICANS!



ALL AROUND TULLY MEN ARE FALLING!

THEY GOT MAJOR WILLIAMS, OUR COMMANDING OFFICER!



CAPTAIN STALLINGS TAKES COMMAND OF THE FIRST WAVE.

FORWARD - TO THE BEACH!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF COVER, THE MARINES GO AFTER THE JAP MACHINE GUNNERS IN THE JUNGLE.



GOT YOU-YA
YELLOW
BUM!

THEY'RE
HIDING IN CAVES,
CAPTAIN
TORGERSON!

GO GET THOSE
DYNAMITE STICKS-
I'LL BLOW 'EM OUT
WITH THEM!



THAT GOT 'EM!

CAPTAIN TORGERSON GOES ABOUT HIS BLASTING AND DESTROYS 50 JAPANESE CAVE HIDEOUTS.



WHERE
ARE YOUR
PANTS,
CAPTAIN?

A JAP
GRENADE
BLEW 'EM
OFF!

CORPORAL BRADY
KILLS TWO JAPS
WITH HIS BAYONET
AND WHEN IT BREAKS
KILLS A THIRD WITH
HIS GUN BUTT!



HERE COMES A
COUPLE MORE OF YOUR
PALS!

DRAWING HIS KNIFE, BRADY
CUTS DOWN THE OTHER TWO!



A MARINE PATROL FIND A CAPTURED AMERICAN OFFICER.



LOOK! THEY HUNG HIM UP!

-AND USED HIM FOR BAYONET PRACTICE!

WORKING AS A SNIPER SERGEANT TULLY PICKS OFF JAP AFTER JAP...



AH! TWO MORE! SITTIN' THERE LIKE A COUPLE WOODCHUCKS!



GAAH! AAGH!



GOT 'EM!

BEFORE NIGHTFALL THE MARINES TAKE A VITAL HILL SECTOR AND RUN UP THE "STARS AND STRIPES."



THE JAPS FIGHT DOGGEDLY TO THE BITTER END!

YA GOTTA KILL 'EM ALL TWICE! SOME OF 'EM PLAY DEAD AND THEN SHOOT YA IN THE BACK!



THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND!

C'MON, GUYS! BUDDHA HELP ANY JAP SON OF A SUN WE FIND!



BUT THE JAPS ARE NOT THROUGH FIGHTING AND A LARGE FORCE OF THEM AMBUSH AND DISABLE A MARINE TANK.



JAPS!

THROW GASOLINE ON IT- SET IT AFIRE!



FROM HIS FLAMING TANK THE COMMANDER TURNS HIS MACHINE GUN ON THE JAPS.



GOT 23 OF 'EM-



UGH! YOU DIRTY DEVIL-
AHHHHH...



ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE OF GUNFIRE, A PLATOON OF MARINES UNDER SIOUX INDIAN FRANK FEW, CHARGE THE JAPS.

WIPE 'EM OUT!

IT'S A PLEASURE!

AAGH!



THE INDIAN PERSONALLY KILLS
THREE JAPS.



MEANWHILE TULLY WATCHES THE BEACH AND PICKS
OFF JAPS TRYING TO SWIM AWAY TO NEARBY ISLANDS.



A JAP LANDS A FEW FEET AWAY AND LIES IMMOBILE
BEHIND A LOG HE WAS PUSHING.



FOR 18 MINUTES NEITHER
TULLY NOR THE JAP MOVES A
MUSCLE - THEN THE JAP RAISES
HIS HEAD -



PHEW! GUESS
THIS WAS ONE OF
THE FIERCEST
LANDING OPERATIONS
EVER MADE BY US
MARINES!

AND NOT A
SINGLE JAP
SURRENDERED! OUT-
SIDE OF THE TENSICK
ONES WE CAUGHT
ALIVE, WE KILLED
THEM ALL!



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